SPORT ON LAND AND WATER

VOLUME III

RECOLLECTIONS OF FRANK GRAY GRISWOLD

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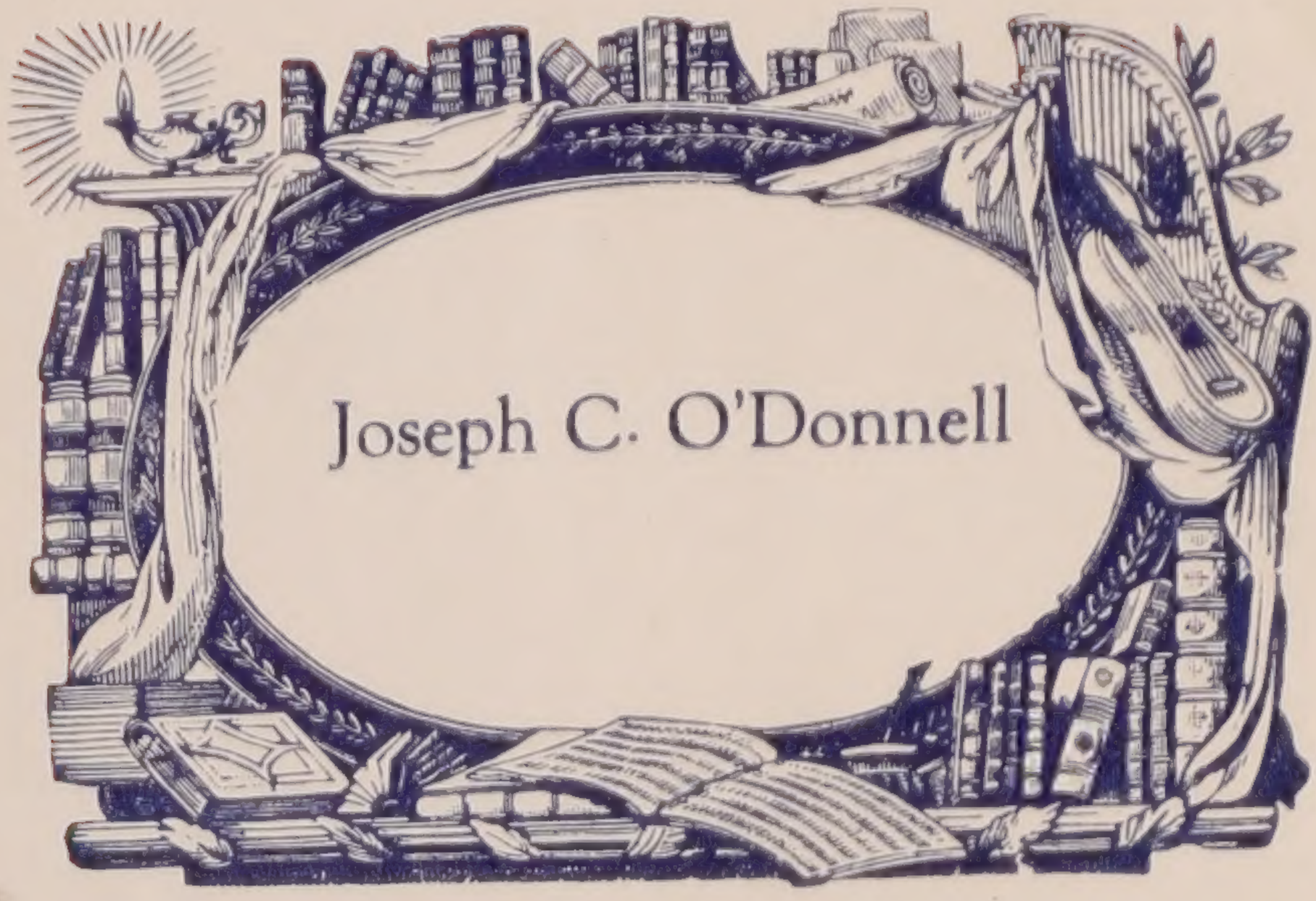

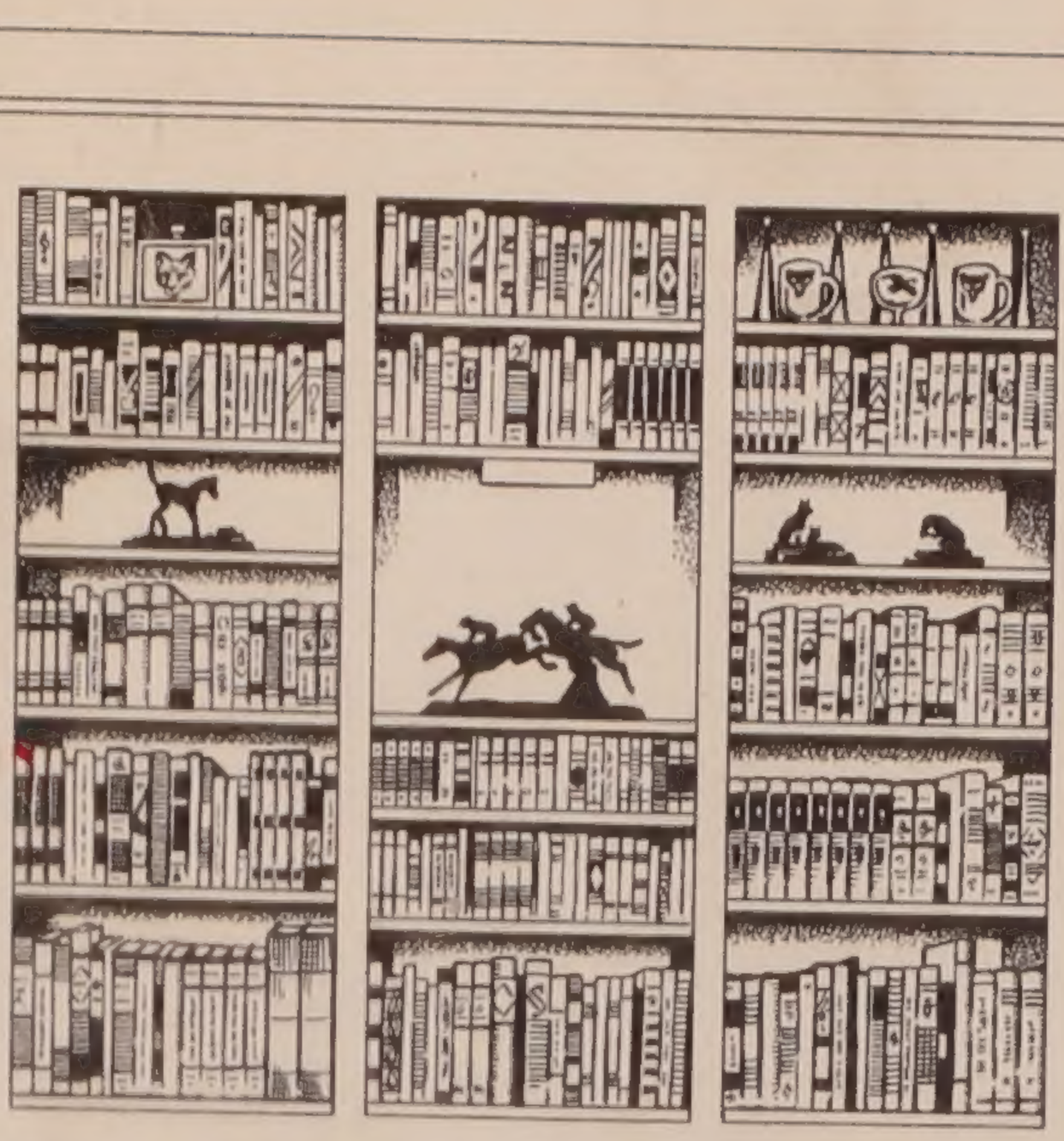

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THE WATER JUMP AT AUTEUIL

NIGHT ON LAND AND WATER

SPORT ON LAND AND WATER

RECOLLECTIONS OF FRANK GRAY GRISWOLD

VOLUME II

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1915

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To

JOSEPHINE

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A GOOD SPORTSMAN

A GOOD sportsman is a man who has developed his mind and body in the open air and who has good control over both, who has a keen eye, a level head, and a light hand. He is a man who is kind and considerate to all living things, who has good judgment, who can do no wrong nor suspect evil in others, who does not crow over his own success, and who has learned to accept defeat with a smiling countenance, yet does not accept it until the last breath has left his body.

I

STEEPLECHASING

"THE BOUNDING STEED YOU POMPOUSLY BESTRIDE
SHARES WITH HIS LORD, HIS PLEASURE AND HIS
PRIDE."

STEEPLECHASING

AUTHORITIES differ as to the date of the first steeplechase but there seems no doubt that the sport originated in Ireland and that a match of the kind was run in 1752 from Buttevent Church to the spire of St. Leger's Church in County Cork.

It was this race that gave the name of Steeplechasing to the sport, for it was a cross-country contest between hunting men who made a distant church steeple their winning post. But what is considered the "first regular steeplechase" followed the festivity of an Irish hunt dinner in 1803. This feast was probably a midday affair, as it was the custom to dine at that hour in those days.

"The Druid" mentions a steeplechase as having been run in Leicestershire about

1792 from Barkby Holt to the Coplow and back. It was won by Mr. Charles Meynell, Lord Forester being second and Sir Gilbert Heathcote third.

At that time the only mode of witnessing the whole or the greater part of a steeplechase was to ride as near as possible, taking advantage of the roads and lanes. In this way some hundreds of mounted spectators would attempt to follow the chase. As it was difficult to see much of the race by this method it was resolved to make the courses circular, or as nearly so as the nature of the ground would admit, and thus to allow all the spectators to see from an adjoining eminence the whole of the chase. Later on grandstands were built for the same purpose. It seems to have taken many years for steeplechasing to become really popular, for as late as 1836 Nimrod writing on the subject said:

"A new system of racing has lately sprung up in England, which, however characteristic

of the daring spirit of our countrymen, we know not how to commend. We allude to the frequent steeple-races that have taken place in the last few years, and of which, it appears, some are to be periodically repeated. If those whose land is thus trespassed upon are contented, or if recompense be made to such as are not, we have nothing further to say on that score; but we should be sorry that the too frequent repetition of such practices should put the farmers out of temper, and thus prove hurtful to fox-hunting. We may also take the liberty to remark, that one human life and several good horses have already been the penalty of this rather unreasonable pastime; and that, from the pace the horses must travel at, considerable danger to life and limb is always close at hand. What are called hurdle-races are still more absurd, by blending the qualifications of the race-horse with the hunter, at a time of the year very unfit for the experiment."

These races were at first generally at even weights, twelve stone (168 pounds), but sometimes at catchweights. The first penalties and handicaps were introduced after Mr. Elmore's great horses Lottery and Gaylad had won all the best prizes for several years. In 1842–43 these two horses

won everything, Gaylad winning after Lottery had been given a penalty of eighteen pounds.

At first steeplechasing was patronized by noblemen and gentlemen who paid high prices for likely horses in the hope of carrying off the prizes or, at all events, of owning valuable hunters if they failed in the first object; but finding they were seldom allowed to win, and that their horses were in addition spoiled for hunting, they abandoned the sport, and the stakes were for a time almost entirely contended for by trainers and horse dealers, and steeplechasing was reduced to a low ebb.

This state of affairs continued until 1855, about which time it was revived under the auspices of a few gentlemen devoted to the sport, but it was not until 1866 that the National Hunt Committee was formed which has since had full control of all cross-country sport in the United Kingdom.

BECHER'S BROOK

Aintree

It was on February 29, 1836, that the first steeplechase was run in Liverpool, and it was won by Captain Becher on a horse called The Duke.

The Grand National Steeplechase was inaugurated in 1839, at first called the Grand Liverpool Steeplechase, since which time it has been the chief cross-country event of the world, and the Aintree course the most celebrated.

It was at Market Harborough, in 1860, that the first Grand National Hunt Steeplechase took place.

At the present day steeplechasing is a winter sport in all parts of Great Britain and ceases soon after the legitimate Racing Season begins at Lincoln in the month of March.

The chief course in England, besides Aintree, is at Sandown Park, which is a galloping course but has three fences at the bottom of the hill that require some jumping. They also race at Kempton Park, Windsor and other places; besides,

there are many Hunt Meetings as well as Point-to-Point races in all parts of England.

In Ireland Punchestown, Fairyhouse, and Navan are celebrated. They chase there to a great extent over a natural country containing walls and banks, some of which they fly while others have to be double-jumped.

All courses have water to jump, but these obstacles are so nicely graded that if a horse jumps short the result is merely a splash.

Auteuil in France has the only natural "river" where a horse goes right in if he fails to clear it.

Horses used for this sport in early days were halfbred or at least not quite thoroughbred; such were Lottery, Gaylad, Peter Simple, and The Colonel. The last named is said to have been a beautiful horse and did service later as a charger for the Emperor of Germany.

In time all the competitors were quite

THE DISTANT CHAIR

Aintree

clean bred for the pace became too fast for halfbred horses, yet many years ago a halftrained, halfbred horse called Hotspur ran second in the Derby, and this feat was repeated in Sir Visto's year when the halfbred gelding Curzon also finished second.

The fences at Liverpool are formidable obstacles to look at and, I am told, have been kept at about the same height for many years.

In the Grand National of 4 miles 856 yards the following thirty fences must be jumped:

1 and 17 Thorn fence 5 feet high and 2 feet thick.
2 and 18 Thorn fence 5 feet high with guard rail on take-off side 2 feet high.
3 and 19 Thorn fence 4 feet 10 inches high, with ditch on take-off side 6 feet wide and 4 feet deep, and a rail in front of said ditch 2 feet high.
4 and 20 Rail and fence, the rail being 2 feet 6 inches high and fence 5 feet high.
5 and 21 Same as No. 1.
6 and 22 Known as Becher's Brook, a thick thorn fence 4 feet 10 inches high with rail

2 feet high in front of brook on far side 8 feet wide and 4 feet deep.

7 and 23 Thorn fence 4 feet 10 inches high with rail in front 2 feet 6 inches high.

8 and 24 Thorn fence 5 feet high, ditch on take off side 5 feet wide, and rail in front 2 feet high.

9 and 25 Known as Valentine's Brook, a thorn fence 5 feet high, with a rail in front 2 feet high and brook on far side.

10 and 26 Thorn fence 4 feet 10 inches high and 2 feet thick.

11 and 27 Rail 2 feet high, ditch about 7 feet wide and 4 feet deep and thorn fence on the far side 4 feet 6 inches high.

12 and 28 Rail 2 feet high, fence 5 feet high and ditch on far side 6 feet wide.

13, 14,
29 and 30 Thorn fence 4 feet 6 inches high.

15 Thorn fence 5 feet high and 2 feet in width, ditch on take-off side 5 feet wide and rail in front 2 feet high.

16 The "Water Jump" 15 feet in width.

Many of these fences are very formidable and have to be jumped. If a horse hits them at all hard he falls, and at times the race is accompanied by widespread grief. Some bookmakers are willing to

VALENTINE'S BROOK

Aintree

lay 2–1 against any specified horse completing the course. It is not an uncommon occurrence to see a jockey flung high upon the top of one of these obstacles, on which he walks to one of the side wings before descending.

In Glenside's year he was the only horse out of twenty-seven starters that did not fall. When Seaman won, only four horses out of a large field passed the post, and in Covertcoat's year only two stood up.

On the other hand when the French horse Lutteur III won in 1909 no fewer than nineteen of the thirty-two competitors passed the judge. The twenty-one-year-old jockey, Georges Parfrement, who rode the winner, walked around the course on the preceding evening with the owner of the horse, Mr. James Hennessy. After inspecting the fences he made the remark: "*Ces obstacles paraîtront plus petits quand je suis en selle.*" He rode the course without a mistake.

Two other foreign-bred horses have succeeded in winning this prize. Rubio was bred in America and sold as a yearling for fifteen guineas; later on he brought ninety-five guineas as a hunter, and not long before his victory at Aintree he had been regularly driven *to a hotel bus to and from the station at Towcester*. Moifaa, another winner, was bred in New Zealand. Ambush II, who ran in the colors of King Edward VII, was once offered for sale for £40 for hunting purposes, and Moonraker was bought out of a water-cart for £18.

The winners are usually at least six years old, for time and experience are necessary to make jumpers, yet a few five-year-olds have been successful.

Two of the most remarkable winners were Alcibiade [1] and Voluptuary for they had never previously performed in a steeplechase in public. Voluptuary was

[1] Alcibiade, 1865, and Reugny, 1874, were bred in France but were owned and trained in England.

BECHER'S BROOK

Aintree

seen in later years in America on the stage in the "Prodigal Daughter."

Until Cloister won with 12 stone 7 pounds it had been supposed that no horse could win the Grand National with more than 12 stone (168 pounds).

Peter Simple, The Colonel, Abd-el-Kader, The Lamb, and Manifesto each won the race twice. The latter was a great favorite in Liverpool and started eight times for the Grand National. In 1895 he was fourth, he won in 1897 and again in 1899, and finished third in 1900, 1902, and 1903.

Disturbance, the winner in 1873, was probably one of the greatest horses that ever won for he gave Rysworth 8 pounds and a beating. Frigate, who won in 1889, ran second three times. In 1891, when Come Away was successful, there were five Grand National winners behind him. Lord Coventry won the race twice with Emblem and Emblematic who were full sisters.

Ascetic Silver, who won in 1906, holds

the record of 9 minutes, 34$\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, the fastest time over the course. Jerry M. not only won the race in 1912 with 12 stone 7 pounds up but later won the *Grand Steeplechase de Paris.*

There have been many fine horsemen, both amateur and professional, who have tried unsuccessfully for the honor of winning the Liverpool race and many good men have won it.

Captain Becher who rode in the first National had the misfortune to fall at the first brook while leading the field and had the presence of mind to hide under the bank while the horses following cleared him safely. This incident, it is said, gave to the jump the name of Becher's Brook.

Among the other amateurs of note whose names are connected with this race is Mr. Thomas who won it three times. Captain Coventry won on Alcibiade in 1865 by sheer good horsemanship. Mr. Ede, who rode as Mr. Edwards, won on The Lamb in 1869 and was later killed

MANIFESTO

Winner of Grand National in 1897 and 1899

at Aintree. Mr. Richardson had the good fortune to ride two winners in 1873–74, Disturbance and Reugny. Mr. Garrett Moore was the successful pilot of Liberator in 1879. Mr. W. Hope Johnstone kept his nerve and rode chases for nearly thirty years. When Seaman won in 1882 he was owned and ridden by Lord Manners, and the following year Count Kinsky had an easy win with Zoedone, while Mr. E. P. Wilson carried off the National with Voluptuary in 1884. A fine horseman and gallant soldier, Major "Roddy" Owen, achieved his lifelong ambition on Father O'Flynn in 1892. It is said of him that when a stern general once remarked that he had not often seen him on parade he replied with his charming smile, "The loss, sir, is mine."

Jem Mason won the first National on Lottery in 1839 and won again in 1842 with Gaylad. Tom Olliver rode three winners. W. Archer, the father of the celebrated jockey Fred Archer, finished

first on Little Charlie in 1858. George Stevens rode five winners and when still in the prime of life was thrown from the back of a runaway cob and lost his life. Joe Cannon, the well-known Newmarket trainer, was the winning pilot of Regal, a five-year-old.

This year's winner (1914) was an Irish horse called Sunloch, a singularly bold and clever jumper. He did not make a mistake until he blundered at the last fence owing to a twisted plate. It is said that Sunloch's late owner was in prison when the race was run and that when arrested he took a handful of sovereigns from his pocket and, throwing them to be scrambled for by the crowd, remarked: "Whoever gets hold of a sovereign must put it on Sunloch for the Grand National."

Sir Thomas Asshton Smith, who owned Jerry M. and Covertcoat, purchased Sunloch after the race. In June he gave an entertainment on his estate, Vaynol, near Bangor, to celebrate the fact that he had

three Grand National winners in his stable. Sir Thomas' tenants and quarrymen appeared to the number of over four thousand. The tents prepared for the feast reached nearly a mile across the lawn, and to dispense the good things a special train brought five hundred waiters from Manchester.

After luncheon the three horses were paraded. Jerry M. was led by Sir Thomas, Covertcoat was in charge of Mr. Gore, the trainer, and the latter's brother-in-law led Sunloch. The horses were received with such enthusiasm that they must have thought they had each won another Grand National.

This great race used to be worth about £1,000 to the winner, but in 1913 the stakes amounted to £3,170.

Hurdle-racing is picturesque and exciting but is not as good sport as steeplechasing and in fact is a mere gamble. Great hurdlers, such as Chandos was, are foaled not made for such a horse takes

the flights in his stride as if nothing was there, for at best a horse that stops to jump cannot win and one that chances his hurdles is a dangerous conveyance.

These races are generally at two miles over six or eight hurdles, and worn-out race horses, or those which are not fast enough, are often condemned to finish their careers over hurdles.

A horse called Friday by Favonius after trying in vain to win over hurdles at Croydon, and having also run in a steeple-chase in the spring, won the Goodwood Cup, beating Tristan and Geologist. The latter had been second to Iroquois in the Derby of 1881.

The scene now changes to Auteuil near Paris. A vast crowd has assembled to witness the *Grand Steeplechase de Paris* and the grand-stands and paddock are crowded with well-dressed men and women. The noisy bookmaker and the bedraggled followers of the turf have been eliminated, and the lawns, banked with flowers and

RUBIO

Winner of the Grand National 1908

rhododendrons in full bloom, are thronged by the *élite* of Paris and the international pleasure-seekers who frequent "Paris-les-Bains" in the month of June.

This race is not a handicap like the Grand National but is at stated weight for age with a penalty for former winners of this event. Dandolo is the only horse that has in late years succeeded in winning it for the second time.

The course, which is laid out in the form of a figure eight, is kept like a lawn and the fences, though not high, for this is a galloping course, take some doing, especially at the pace they go. Steeplechasing has been the rage in France for many years. Beginning at Nice in the winter they race for large stakes nearly the whole year round.

The Grand Steeplechase, worth fr. 100,000, and a Hurdle-race for fr. 50,000, are run for during *la grande semaine* which begins on a Sunday and ends the following Sunday with the *Grand Prix de Paris.*

There are several large stables of chasers in France and it is not uncommon for an owner to finish the season with over fr. 250,000 to his credit. The French can therefore afford to pay large prices for good winners on the flat which they educate into chasers. These horses were not very well thought of in England prior to the success of Lutteur III at Liverpool, for it was not supposed that they could negotiate four miles of stiff country. This success proved that no course is too big for a well-schooled natural jumper.

The English have found it difficult to win the big Chase in Paris as the pace is faster than their horses are accustomed to, yet they have won it in late years with Royal Meath, Skedaddle, and Jerry M.

They steeplechase at several other courses near Paris, — at Aix, Vichy, Pau, and many other places, and the sport is thoroughly enjoyed and well patronized.

The jockeys are mostly English lads but a few Frenchmen, such as Georges

Parfrement, have developed into first class horsemen.

Steeplechasing was introduced in the vicinity of New York in the sixties and the first races were run at Paterson, New Jersey.

Two celebrated chasers, Nannie Craddock and Zigzag, came from the Dominion and ran in many contests. They were ridden by Pepper and Dennis Ready.

The course was about three miles, two of which were over a "fair hunting country" with twenty-seven jumps, — walls, banks, timber, sunken fences and a wide water-jump.

The following is an account of a race at Paterson that I attended when a small boy:

Yesterday was the second day of the Paterson Spring race meeting, and the interest and excitement attached to the great event of the day's sport — the steeple-chase — attracted the largest attendance ever seen on a race-course in America. Last Fall the resources of the Erie Railroad Company, vast as they undoubtedly are, were taxed

to their utmost capacity to supply means of transit accommodation to the thousands who were anxious to witness the newly-introduced sport of steeple-chasing on the American turf, and it was estimated that between twelve and fifteen thousand persons were on the course. Yesterday the number of visitors was far larger than on the previous occasion.

The first race was the steeple-chase, universally regarded as the most interesting event of the day. For this there were four entries: DENNIS READY's b. h. *Zigzag*, 161 pounds; Mr. PEPPER's ch. m. *Nannie Craddock*, 161 pounds; Mr. TIERNEY's b. h. *Roscoe*, 147 pounds, and Mr. WOOD's br. h. *General Williams*, 140 pounds. *Zigzag* and *Nannie Craddock* are old opponents, having met on this track repeatedly, in the steeple-chases and hurdle races, with varying success. *Roscoe* is a new *débutant* in the leaping line, and *General Williams* was a dark horse from Halifax, about whom little or nothing was known. The following prices brought in the pool sales shows the relative estimation in which the chances of the competitors were held by the turf cognoscenti: *Zigzag* sold for $150; *Nannie Craddock*, $66; *General Williams*, $50; and *Roscoe*, $20. The general betting was even for *Zigzag* against the field, the latter having the call. DENNIS READY was sick and unable to ride his own horse *Zigzag*, ARCHY FISHER taking his place; PEPPER rode *Nannie Craddock* and TIERNEY *Roscoe*.

THE RACE

Nannie Craddock was first off, and cleared the hurdle just above the first stand, with *Zigzag* second, *Roscoe* third, and *Williams* last. At the second leap, a stone wall on the first quarter, *Nannie* still held the lead, *Roscoe* full of running, being second, having passed *Zigzag* and *General Williams*, refusing the leap, falling a long way behind. The third jump was a sunk fence, and *Nannie* and *Roscoe* took it close together, the favorite fully twenty lengths behind. *Roscoe* kept well up with the chestnut mare in the next two leaps, there not being a length between them. At the double-rail fence on the home stretch side *Nannie* was two lengths ahead of *Roscoe*, and they both cleared the water jump and hurdle in front of the grand stand in magnificent style amid the universal applause and admiration of the excited lookers-on; *Zigzag* some lengths behind also leaping it finely. At the sunk fence on the far side the rider of *Roscoe* came to grief, but was quickly in the saddle again, although not until *Zigzag* had passed him in hot pursuit of *Nannie Craddock*, who held a lead of ten lengths, which she speedily increased to twenty. Coming to the water jump the second time, the mare took it beautifully twenty lengths before *Zigzag*, whose rider fell off as he cleared it, but retaining his hold of his horse quickly remounted; but *Nannie* had by this time obtained a lead of over one hundred yards.

The interest of the race was now comparatively over, for the mare carried on the running with a commanding lead, and although *Zigzag* on the last half mile made a most determined effort to reach her, he was unable to do so, and *Nannie Craddock*, amid loud cheering, took the last leap on the home-stretch in beautiful style, and came home a winner of the steeple-chase the third time in succession by twenty lengths, *Zigzag* second, *General Williams*, who had persevered in a hopeless stern chase, third; *Roscoe*, who fell at the last hurdle, pulling up. Time, 8:18½.

STEEPLE-CHASE

A Handicap for all ages, of $750. About three miles, two of which will be over a "fair hunting country," with twenty-seven jumps; entrance money to go to second horse.

Mr. Pepper enters Nannie Craddock, 161 lbs.... 1
Dennis Ready enters Zigzag, 161 lbs..... 2
Mr. Wood enters General Williams, 140 lbs..... 3
Mr. Tierney enters Roscoe, 147 lbs..... 4

Time 8:18½.

Later on there were steeplechase courses at Jerome Park, at Saratoga, and at Monmouth, and such good horses as Oyster-

COVERTCOAT

Winner of Grand National 1913

man, Jr., Tammany by Lexington, Milesian, Resolute, Lochiel, George West, Duffy, Limestone, Diavolo, Deadhead, and, last but not least, Bullet and Trouble, two very good horses, and the gray horse Derby competed. The best jockeys of the day were Midgeley, Hyland, Murphy, and Tom Little.

In addition to these courses they chased at Sheepshead Bay and at Gravesend in the eighties. The best of the horses of those days were Disturbance, Jim McGowan, and Bourke Cochran, the favorite mounts of Pat Meany; Problem, Coronet, Bertha, and Judith were ridden by Tom Little, and two good horses that came from Canada, Charlemagne and Rose, won many races. Post Guard was also a good chaser.

About this time a comical little negro named Verplanck, known as "Monkey Charlie," used to ride and was often seen on a horse called Abraham. He it was who first adopted the so-called "monkey

seat" which afterwards became famous through Garrison and Tod Sloane, and which has become universal on the flat all over the world.

There may be something in the belief that the Creator provided the horse with withers for the purpose of carrying weight just as he supplied the camel with a hump, but it makes me sad when I see a string of yearlings or young two-year-olds canter past with would-be jockeys in embryo perched right over their fore-legs, the bones of which have not yet hardened. There is no knowing the number of young horses that are destroyed by this foolish fashion.

The Creator supplied the horse with a natural place for a saddle and, at exercise at least, young horses should be allowed to have the weight they must carry properly distributed.

There were Hunt Meetings held at Hempstead and Rockaway in 1884. The big race at the latter place was won by Tonk-

SUNLOCH AT VALENTINE'S BROOK
W. J. Smith up

away, ridden by Mr. Harwood, while Rose was second.

In 1885 the Rockaway Steeplechase Association was incorporated and a good course with regulation fences was built at Cedarhurst for the purpose of encouraging the sport, but it lasted only four years as it did not receive sufficient support to make the venture a financial success.

The Cedarhurst Grand National, called the Great Long Island Steeplechase for the first year, was run at four miles over this course and was won in 1885 by Charlemagne, in 1886 by Major Pickett, in 1887 by Blue Day, and in 1888 by Major Pickett. The Canadian chasers Rose and Cyclone also won races, as did Rory O'More and Tomahawk.

The races for Hunters proved a great feature at these meetings and were very interesting. Such good horses as Mars, Dundee, Hobson's Choice, and Retribution won races ridden by Messrs. George

Work, Foxhall Keene, Thomas Hitchcock Jr., W. K. Thorne, and Stanley Mortimer.

In 1885 Jolly Sir John, an American-bred horse, won the Grand International Steeplechase at Sandown Park, England.

In the early days hurdle-races used to be run on the dirt tracks and proved a very dangerous sport as it was difficult for a horse to judge his distance in a cloud of dust. Many good horses were killed at this game, among the number being Deadhead and Problem, both of whom fell at the hurdle in the stretch and broke their necks.

The Moonlight Steeplechase which took place in August, 1881, at Newport, was won by Mr. Zborowski on Orion, Sir John Lister Kaye rode The Farmer, and Mr. Sanford was on Sir Harry. It was a success excepting as far as the moon was concerned, for she failed to appear at the start. The course was marked by lanterns placed on each fence.

There is nothing about steeplechasing

in more recent years that I can tell the present generation that they do not already know or have not seen, yet I would like to ask the powers that be the following question: Do they really believe that the courses as they now exist meet the purpose that steeplechasing originally was started for?

In the beginning steeplechasing was encouraged avowedly for the purpose of improving the breed of hunters and cavalry horses, which were said to have degenerated from their old form and powers, owing to the abolition of three and four mile races under high weights. It was supposed that if steeplechasers were run over courses of four miles with big fences and high weights a market would be established for horses capable of such exertions and that the general breed of these animals would thereby be improved.

Do the powers that be think that by running steeplechases of about two miles over cock hedges, without banks, walls,

or water jumps, they will improve the breed of horses?

The American race-horse has deteriorated owing to the number of short races run, and the steeplechaser is going the same journey by being sprinted over small hedges.

THE CONNEMARA CUP

"THE RACE IS NOT TO THE SWIFT"

THE CONNEMARA CUP

IT was a cold bleak day in the month of March, the wind was blowing and it was raining by fits and starts, yet about five hundred farmers and their friends assembled on Hempstead Plains to witness the race for the farmers' Connemara Cup.

There were merry-go-rounds and Aunt Sally's, thimble-riggers and pop-corn dealers and side-shows to amuse the young between races. A large tent bore the sign "Soft drinks for hard heads" but the uncertain condition of those in its vicinity made one believe that the sign had been twisted, and that the drinks were hard and the heads soft.

At the time this race took place the Teuton and Hun had not invaded Long Island and all the small farmers were Irish, and all were fond of horses.

The programme of the day's racing con-

sisted of pony races and races on the flat for horses owned in the county, and the day's sport wound up with the Connemara Cup, a handicap steeplechase of three miles over a fair hunting country, for horses owned by the farmers of Queens County.

There were eight starters on the card:

Mr. Nolan's Chestnuts by The Joker out of Ring-the-Bell.

Mr. Hogan's The Alderman got by Difficulty out of The Tombs.

Mr. Dennis' Pickpocket by Escape out of Jailbird.

Mr. Kelly's Belle Cord by Discard out of Trolley.

Mrs. O'Grady's Beau Brummell by the Dandy out of Olden Times.

Mr. O'Connor's The Colonel by Bourbon Whiskey out of Sight.

Mr. McMahon's Gossip by Report out of Whole Cloth.

Mrs. McGuire's Helen Blazes by The Demon out of Perdition.

As the time approached for the start of the race the crowd assembled to see the jockeys weigh out and the horses saddled.

The jockeys were resplendent in silk and satin in which green was the predominant color for Mr. Hogan's "all green" was the envy of the countryside.

When Danny Kelly arrived to make his weight it was observed that he wore but one spur but as he remarked "I foind whin ye spur a horse on the wan side t'other side comes along too," nothing more was said.

When Patsey McGowan was about to have a leg up on The Alderman Mr. Hogan whispered in his ear, "Sure I'm not on-aisy about this race. Sure 'tis the wan at the County Fair I would be winnin', so go aisy."

The jockey who was to ride Pickpocket took the owner, Mr. Dennis, aside, asked for instructions and received the comforting information: "He c'ant jump an'

he c'ant gallop so just go humpin' along." He humped along as it happened and fell at the first fence.

At last they were all up and a fine spectacle they made. Some of the horses had not shed their winter coats and looked like goats, while others had been clipped for the event.

There was much betting and The Colonel was the favorite with the gray mare Helen Blazes as second choice, but at the weights it was anybody's race.

They were delayed at the post by Belle Cord who refused to start. Mr. Kelly, her owner, ran back to the tent for a bell saying that the mare was not used to starting by the drop of a flag.

During the delay Mike Nolan, who had the mount on The Colonel, begged the starter to hurry, for as he put it: "It is moighty cold, Mr. Starter, and the liquor is dyin' in me."

Mr. Kelly returned at last and at the drop of the flag and the clang of the bell

they started in good shape accompanied by a shout "They're off!"

As I said before, Pickpocket fell at the first fence and the jockey lay on his back close into the bank on the far side, and the field cleared him. His mount made for the woods and disappeared. Chestnuts led over the second fence, a brush hurdle, followed by The Colonel and Beau Brummell with the others close behind. In this position they ran once around the course and over the water jump, but in jumping the wall for the second time the leader fell and Gossip and Beau Brummell fell over him. The three jockeys were knocked out and unable to go on with the race even if they had been able to catch their horses which had galloped away. This accident left The Alderman in the lead hotly pressed by Belle Cord and Helen Blazes, The Colonel having broken down after jumping the wall for the second time. The Alderman was going great guns hotly pursued by the two mares, and he

carried them at such a pace at the fence before the last that, although he jumped the timber in fine style, they both fell leaving The Alderman to finish alone.

When Patsey heard the crash and, on looking over his shoulder, found he was alone in the race and remembered his instructions that he was not to win, his heart failed him and at the last fence, a brush hurdle, he calmly said, "Here goes," and slid off leaving the horse to pass the winning post riderless and alone.

What had been anybody's race proved to be nobody's race.

Mr. Hogan was in despair. The quality of his horse had been made public and without even the satisfaction of winning the race. When he asked Patsey why he had galloped the head off The Alderman when he had been told not to hurry, he said that as he carried top weight he thought it safer to wait in front!

There is a blank left opposite the year 1879 in the record of the Connemara Cup,

and some people think the race did not take place that year. They little know what a grand competition in acrobatics it was.

Those who saw it will never forget the expression of Patsey McGowan's face when he saw he was left alone in the race for as he always "rode to orders," he had to think quickly.

DEMOCRAT

"MY RACE ENDS WITH ME"

Schiller.

MR. RICHARD TEN BROECK of Kentucky was the first sportsman to take American-bred race-horses to England. This happened in 1856 and his best horse at the time was Lecompte by Boston-Reel. Reel became celebrated as the founder of the great American "Dance" family of race-horses.

Mr. Ten Broeck was the owner of Lexington and had hoped to have him in his string, but the horse having gone suddenly blind he purchased Lecompte, to take his place, but was again disappointed, for Lecompte went wrong in training and did not start in England.

Lexington started but seven times in his career and was beaten but once, Lecompte being the victor on that occasion. Lexington had his revenge later on and also reduced the four mile record of 7:26,

held by Lecompte, to 7:19¾ in a Match against Lexin
made in
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Lord Kitchener's Famous Charger.

In most of the notices I have read concerning the n
to-be regretted death of Lord Kitchener I have see
mention of the fact that while in India he rode
charger a horse which certainly won far more in stak
a racer than any other animal ever used for such a pur
this being Democrat. The American-bred sexless che
son of Sensation and Equality, it will be rememb
when carrying the late Lord William Beresford's "
blue and black cap," failed three times before winnin
a two year old in 1899 the Coventry Stakes at Ascot b
easy length from Vain Duchess, the favourite, Dian
Jubilee, being only fourth. In the Hurst Park Foal
Democrat again easily beat Vain Duchess, with s
others behind them, including Epsom Lad. He then
the rich National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sand
worth 4357 sovs, carrying 9st 9lb, by a neck from Fo
shire, 9st, and next secured the Champagne Stakes at
caster by a head from Simon Dale. Having picked up
Rous Memorial Stakes at Newmarket, Democrat rec
3lb and a head beating from Forfarshire in the Imp
Produce Stakes at Kempton, but just a week later he
the Middle Park Plate by a ready half-length f
Diamond Jubilee, who was giving 3lb. In the Dewh
Plate Democrat, when conceding him 1lb, once more pr
himself too good for the subsequent Triple Crown ch
pion, Diamond Jubilee, winning by three-quarters
length upon this occasion; but like others of Sensat
offspring Democrat failed to train on. In 1900 he only
one race, the Royal Stakes at Newmarket, and owin
Lord William's much-lamented death at Deepdene
December 28th of that year Democrat came up for sal
Newmarket on January 23rd, 1901, Mr. J. B. Joel bu
him for 910 guineas. He carried his new owner's col
without distinction in the Jubilee Stakes, won by Sa
and at another Newmarket sale, on October 3rd, was
to Mr. Richard Marsh for 290 guineas, he having hope
coaxing him back to form, but the horse failed to com
hand, and never ran again. One afternoon, when the
War Minister was inspecting the Egerton House stable
expressed his admiration for the horse, which Marsh
sequently gave him as a present to use as a char
Lord Kitchener rode Democrat in the great Coronat
Durbar at Delhi on December 12th, 1911; while at K
George's Coronation on June 22nd the same year
bestrode in the procession another famous racer in
Grand National winner Moifaa, lent to him for this oc
sion by Lord Ranksborough, who had received this h
Australian chaser as a present from King Edward V
Democrat's total winnings on the Turf amounted to £13,

DEMOCRAT AFTER WINNING COVENTRY STAKES

Ascot 1899

and started at short odds for the Derby of 1860 won by Thormanby.

Since that time Messrs. Milton S. Sanford, Pierre Lorillard, W. C. Whitney, James R. Keene, August Belmont, H. B. Duryea, H. P. Whitney, Richard Croker, and others have raced in England and between them have succeeded in winning most of the races of importance with American-bred horses or with horses bred in Europe out of American mares.

The Derby has been won three times, the Two Thousand Guineas twice, the One Thousand Guineas once, the Middle Park Plate three times. They have also won both the Ascot and Doncaster Cups; and the big handicaps, the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, have each been carried off twice by American-bred horses.

Of all the American horses that have run in England none has ever had as brilliant a two-year-old career as Democrat.

Democrat by Sensation-Equality and she by Rayon d'Or was bred by Mr. Pierre

Lorillard at Rancocas Farm, New Jersey. He was foaled on April 7, 1897, was the fourteenth foal of the year, and was branded 156. He was a beautiful chestnut with four white ankles and a blaze down the face.

His dam Equality by Rayon d'Or was a most successful matron for she was the dam of: 1893 Bloomer, 1895 Elfin, 1896 Boomer, 1897 Democrat, 1898 Exedo, 1899 Eden II, 1900 Erora.

The first six were winners in England and Erora won races in her native land.

Equality died when Erora was foaled.

Although Equality's get were of good disposition and easy to handle, Democrat proved the exception for as a youngster he was so difficult to manage that they were unfortunately obliged to geld him.

He was sent to England with the other yearlings in 1899 to join the string at Newmarket and ran all his races in the light blue jacket and black cap of Lord William Beresford.

LORD KITCHENER AND DEMOCRAT IN INDIA

Lord William had owned a one-half interest in Mr. Lorillard's racing stable in England for several years, and, as is the custom there, some of the horses ran in Mr. Lorillard's colors and others in the blue jacket of Lord William. On the English turf an individual must be responsible for the running of every horse and there is no partnership allowed as far as the actual running is concerned.

In 1899 Mr. Lorillard, being in bad health, sold his remaining one-half interest in the horses that were in England to his partner, so that Democrat as well as all the Rancocas bred horses in training became the sole property of Lord William Beresford.

The stable was trained by that clever American trainer John Huggins, and Democrat was ridden by the American jockey Tod Sloane who was riding in great form that year.

Democrat being a gelding came early to hand and started on May 5 running

second for the Royal Two Year Old Plate at Kempton Park. On May 11 he again ran second in the Bedford Two Year Old Stake and on June 1 was unplaced for the Great Surrey Breeders Foal Stake. From that time on his luck changed and he won seven races and was beaten but once.

He won The Coventry Stakes, National Breeders Produce Stake, Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and Rous Memorial Stakes; was second in the Imperial Stakes; and finished the season by beating Diamond Jubilee, the Derby winner of 1900 in both the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates.

His winnings that year amounted to £12,923, and the stable won the nice sum of £42,736.

To win the Derby had been Lord William's life-long ambition, and it looked as if he might succeed in 1900 for Democrat was the winter favorite for the race, but as a three-year-old he had completely lost his form and could not extend himself. He started five times and won but one

LORD KITCHENER AND DEMOCRAT IN BRONZE
Calcutta

small race, and his starting price for the Derby was 40 to 1.

Lord William died in 1900. Had he lived a few months longer he would have won the Derby of 1901 with Volodyovski, as he had leased his racing qualities from Lady Meux and they were transferred on his death to Mr. W. C. Whitney.

Most great race-horses after a successful career on the turf are retired to the stud, but owing to altered conditions, this was impossible for Democrat.

When it was discovered that he no longer had the ability to win races his owner presented him to General Lord Kitchener of Kartoum for a charger, and he had the proud honor of carrying that gallant soldier at the head of the British army in India at the Durbar of King Edward VII at Delhi, and also of being cast in bronze for the equestrian statue of Lord Kitchener which decorates the Maidan at Calcutta.

RACING THRILLS

"BUT WHAT MINUTES! COUNT THEM BY SENSATION AND NOT BY CALENDERS, AND EACH MOMENT IS A DAY AND THE RACE A LIFE"

Disraeli.

RACING THRILLS

WHEN one looks back at the great horse races one has witnessed there are always a few that stand out clearly, and the thrill that they gave remains vividly engraved on one's memory.

One race I remember especially — the Ascot Cup of 1874. I was in England when Doncaster won the Derby of 1873 and I saw him beaten a few days later in the Grand Prix de Paris by Boiard. The Ascot Cup the following year was the greatest race, as far as class is concerned, that I ever saw.

The French horses Boiard and Flageolet finished first and second, and behind them came Doncaster, Gang Forward, Marie Stuart, and Kaiser. This field consisted of the first and second in the Two Thousand Guineas, the first, second and third in the Derby, the Oaks winner, the first,

second and third in the St. Leger, and the first, second and third in the Grand Prix de Paris.

Boiard won by three-quarters of a length, proving that the race for the Grand Prix de Paris the year before was correct notwithstanding that they said at the time that Doncaster had been poisoned.

The Ten Thousand Guineas Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park has provided some of the most interesting racing ever witnessed. The struggle up the hill appeals to everyone. The way that Isinglass wore down Ladas up this same hill will never be forgotten by those who saw it. Nine years later, in 1903, the Eclipse Stakes proved to be a thrilling race.

The winner of the 1902 Derby, Ard Patrick, met Sceptre the winner of the One Thousand and Two Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, and the St. Leger of the same year and the most popular mare of modern times. Rocksand was also a starter. He had won the Two Thousand Guineas and

the Derby of 1903 and later won the St. Leger. The other two starters, Oriole and Duke of Westminster, were not of the same class.

Ard Patrick by St. Florian-Morganette had been beaten by Sceptre in the Two Thousand but had had his revenge over the more difficult course in the Derby. He had also won the Princess of Wales Stakes of 10,000 Guineas at Newmarket.

Sceptre, by having won the four classics mentioned, had succeeded in doing what no other mare had done since Formosa in 1868. She had also started in the Derby and in the Grand Prix de Paris.

Rocksand by Sainfoin-Roquebrune was full of quality and a good horse, but a good little horse in a bad year. In the Derby that he had won there had been but seven starters, his only competitor of note being the French horse Vicinius. Rocksand was a 6 to 4 favorite and won the race with ease.

Rocksand was a 5 to 4 choice for the

Eclipse while 7 to 4 was quoted against Sceptre and 5 to 1 Ard Patrick. The last were, however, false odds owing to the reputation Ard Patrick had acquired of not running straight when collared.

I remember the day well. There was a great crowd and much excitement, and each of the three horses had a large following.

Rocksand jumped off in front, but on fairly settling down Oriole took command with Rocksand and Ard Patrick close up, Sceptre being fourth. When fairly in the straight Sceptre attempted to get through but failed. First Oriole and then Rocksand fell away beaten, leaving the race to Ard Patrick and the mare.

Then began one of the greatest struggles ever seen on a race course. At first Sceptre showed in front but Ard Patrick, reasserting himself, won in a drive by a neck with Rocksand four lengths away.

The two greatest sensations that I can remember on an American race course

ARD PATRICK

St. Florian — Morganette

were, strange to say, both matches. The first was the great match between Salvator and Tenny.

Salvator was a grand chestnut with four white legs and a white face and was by imported Prince Charlie out of Salina by Lexington.

He made his appearance as a two-year-old in 1888 and received his name owing to his glossy coat, for it reminded his owner, Mr. James B. Haggin, of a Mexican servant of that name who was an artist at polishing the hardwood floors of his country house in California.

His sire, Prince Charlie, the "King of the T. Y. C.," had been a roarer, but Salvator did not inherit this malady, which carries out the theory that horses are apt to inherit their exterior conformation for the most part from the sire, and the interior from the dam. The foal of a roaring mare seldom fails to inherit this unsoundness, while those got by a roarer very often escape it. It is even said that the

product of a horse and a she-ass always brays while that of a mare and a jack-ass neighs, but this I cannot vouch for as I am not a judge of singing.

Salvator won the Great Eastern Handicap, the June Stakes, the Holly Handicap, and the Pelham Stakes and finished a head behind Proctor Knott, lapped by Galen, in a sensational finish for the first Futurity.

Tenny by Rayon d'Or — Belle of Maywood, on the contrary was a failure as a two-year-old, for the "little swayback" started seventeen times and only managed to win two unimportant races at the end of the season. One would hardly have thought at the time that he would develop into the great race horse he proved to be two years later.

Both Salvator and Tenny were successful as three- and four-year-olds and there was much rivalry between them.

After Salvator had won the Suburban Handicap in 1890 a challenge came from

the Tenny party to run a match for $5000 a side over the Coney Island Jockey Club course at a mile and a quarter, the association to add $2500. This match created much excitement and each horse had many partisans.

The day the race was run was hot and the stands were crowded. A mighty cheer went up as Salvator, ridden by Isaac Murphy, a West Indian mulatto and the prettiest horseman that ever rode on an American race course, appeared on the track, followed by Tenny ridden by "Snapper" Garrison, the most acrobatic of riders.

With the drop of the flag a roar went up from the thousands, "They're off!"

Tenny has the inside position and is the first to spring away but in a moment Salvator is even with him and begins to gain. The pace quickens and the "sway-back's" stride seems much shorter than the great sweep of the chestnut. At the first quarter in 25 sec. Salvator's head shows in front. At the half mile in 49¾

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sec. there is daylight between them. At three quarters Salvator maintains his lead in 1.14¾. Just before reaching the mile post Tenny wavers. Garrison draws his whip and strikes him a stinging blow and they run the mile in 1.39¾. And now begins one of the most sensational races ever seen down the stretch. Tenny's fight during the last quarter of the race was phenomenal. Salvator was a length and a half ahead at the mile pole but Tenny is now gaining ground with every stride. Garrison is riding the finish of his life. Tenny reaches Salvator's quarters and Murphy goes to the whip. Tenny gains and gains and both jockeys are doing their utmost but Murphy just manages to land Salvator the winner by a short head. A mighty cheer goes up, which is renewed as Captain Conner hangs out the wonderful time 2.05.

After the match Salvator appeared but once in public. He ran a mile against time on the straight course at Long Branch

paced by two different horses in 1.35¼, which still remains the world's record.

In 1893 Domino by Himyar-Mannie Gray was the sensation of the racing season. He was a brown colt of good size and quality, and the only two-year-old that rivalled him in any way was Dobbins by Mr. Pickwick out of that grand race mare Thora. They both carried the top weight of 130 pounds in the Futurity of that year and Domino just managed to win after a whirlwind finish, beating Galilee, who carried 115 pounds, by a head while Dobbins was scarce a head behind the second horse. The Dobbins party were not satisfied with the result and a match was made at 118 pounds each, over the Futurity course for $10,000 a side with $2500 to be added by the association.

The match was run at Sheepshead Bay on August 31, 1893, in perfect weather and on a fast track. I was in the Steward's stand and had a good view of the race. There was one false start but at the second

attempt the pair went away on even terms. Domino led into the dip where Dobbins got his head in front. Taral, who rode Domino, went wide at the turn carrying Dobbins out. At the head of the stretch Taral drew his whip in his left hand while Simms was riding hard with hands and heels. The horses bumped slightly twice and seemed to hang together. At the furlong pole Dobbins was still in front but Taral managed to creep up and they ran a dead heat amid the greatest excitement. There was consternation in the ring. Domino had started at 1 to 2 while Dobbins was at 8 to 5 and the book-makers were not aware of the rule that all bets are declared off when a match ends in a dead heat.

Domino was retired the following year. Death overtook him at an early age and his owner, Mr. James R. Keene, erected a monument over his grave in Kentucky. Dobbins finished his career in England and proved a failure in the stud.

II

A PERFECT HUNTER

A HORSE with a good mouth and perfect manners that loves hounds and is never quite happy unless in the same field with them. A horse that pricks his ears when hounds are drawing and is keen to get to them when he hears a halloa, yet stands willingly when hounds are at fault. A horse that shortens his stride as he nears a fence and is a fine judge of distance, that glides over the grass and makes little of the plough, that will fly a fence or creep when necessary, that has the heart and courage to last through a long day and finally jog home cheerfully and eat up all his feed when he gets there, and that leads out fresh and sound the next morning.

AMOROUS

"EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY"

"EASY THE LESSONS OF THE YOUTHFUL TRAIN
WHEN INSTINCT PROMPTS, AND WHEN EXAMPLE
GUIDES"

AMOROUS

IT is a beautiful evening in the month of May. The weather is like summer and there is scarce a breath of air. Owing to a blizzard in the month of March the season has been backward but the warm sun, making up for lost time, has caused all the blossoms to unfold at the same moment. The pear trees as well as the apple trees are in all their glory and look as if covered with a light fall of snow, and the air is perfumed by the sweet breath of the falling apple blossoms intermingled with the scent of the lilac bushes in full bloom.

The sky is cloudless and of a light blue melting into the pale mauve and purple haze that overhangs the Hempstead Plains in the distance.

Amorous, the stallion hound, is lying in the grass court outside of the kennels

at Williston looking at this scene, and at the same time watching through the open gate the antics of three couple of foxhound puppies that are playing in the orchard beyond. Being the sire of these puppies he takes a special interest in their clumsy frolic.

After a time he stretches himself, yawns as if bored with life, and finally whimpers once or twice. The puppies immediately cease their play, race towards him, and lie down. Their dappled coats as soft as moleskin seem two sizes too large for them, and as they look up at him their wrinkled faces are full of sagacity and contentment.

Amorous always holds their undivided attention for they love to hear him tell tales of sport in England. This day he gave them a lecture on hunting and began by saying:

"Your days of fun and frolic will soon be over for in a few weeks' time you will be taken into the kennels and taught good manners. You were whelped in the

AMOROUS

early autumn, for owing to the hot summers in this country it is thought that puppies born at that season will develop better than if they opened their eyes in the spring as I did at Grantham.

"I am of pure Belvoir blood, my sire was the great Dexter whose father was Nominal by Gambler. The latter was one of the stoutest hounds that ever lived. He hunted for fourteen seasons, for after the tenth season he was pensioned and allowed to run loose and would join the pack, hunt with them until he was tired, and then go home. He was nearly sixteen when he died, a great age for a foxhound, yet, remember, whom the gods love die young whenever they die.

"My conformation was good but I had too much white about me and not enough Belvoir-tan so they drafted me and I was sent to the Quorn kennels, while my Belvoir-tan brothers remained at home, and for all I know are hunting still.

"Color is only skin deep and after all

is a matter of opinion. I am told that in this country a man who has a drop of African blood in his veins is a negro, while in Cuba if a negro has a drop of white blood in his body he is a white man. The latter is the Latin way of looking at it instead of the Anglo-Saxon way.

"A good hound is never of a bad color.

"I ran at head of the Quorn mixed pack for four seasons but in jumping a small brook one day I landed on a stone and broke a toe. My hunting days were over and I was transported to improve the blood of American foxhounds. They tried to marry me at first to several yellow girls from Virginia, but I would not have it. The English lassies were good enough for me.

"Your mother Charmer is of true Belvoir blood and was by that good hound Vagabond.

"You have all had pleasant days hunting 'cottontails' or rabbits as they miscall

them here, for there are no rabbits in America. The rabbit lives in a burrow, whereas the 'cottontails' live on top of the ground and harbor their young in lairs just as the big brown hares do in England. You being foxhounds must forget the scent of the hare and learn to love the trail of the fox. It is a merry sight to see the white tag of a fox's brush dancing away before you. The white tag does not necessarily denote the sex of a fox; many vixens have that mark and many a dog fox is without it. The brush is of great assistance to a fox for, using it as a rudder, he can twist and turn going at full speed and when he wishes to jump a high wall he will get the required impetus by rapidly revolving his brush before jumping.

"A huntsman invariably draws covert up wind for the reason that the fox does not hear you coming, and if the fox turns down wind, as he most probably will, it enables the hounds to hark together whereas they otherwise would be strung out and

many left in covert. If a fox runs up wind when first found and afterwards turns he seldom if ever turns again. Bag foxes will always run down wind.

"Do not babble — leave that to the brooks. A hound to hold his own must hold his tongue. Find out which hounds you can rely on and hark to them quickly. The hard running line hounds are the most to be depended on.

"Remember that the farther a fox goes the less scent he leaves and that, by a wise provision of nature, a vixen heavy with cubs leaves but little scent.

"When close to a fox after he goes away you have his breast-high body scent to guide you, but if he makes a sharp turn you must put your noses down and keep them there. You will discover that scents differ with different foxes and must learn to stick to the fox you are hunting and not change.

"When scent is good and you do not have to stoop to it, it is called breast-high.

RAPID

Scent is a curious thing. There is no kind of weather that I have not known scent to exist in or not to exist in. 'A southerly wind and a cloudy sky' sounds well in the poem, but I am convinced there is often a better scent in a clear northwind. Although scent depends greatly on wind and weather it also depends on soil. When the air is dry and the ground is hard the scent is poor but will be found better on rich soft soil. Moisture in the soil is better than moisture in the air.

"A warm day without sun or wind is the best and a southerly wind without rain or a gentle westerly wind is the most favorable for hunting. A wet night will often produce a good scent; during a white frost scent lies high, and there is often a burning scent on newly fallen snow. There is good sport to be had at times in misty weather, but if the fog is thick and wet the scent is not likely to be good in the woodlands, for the moisture dropping from the boughs and bushes kills it and sport is

apt to be poor if the 'cobwebs' show plainly in the grass.

"But all these things you will have to learn by experience.

"Now let me tell you of one of the best hunts that I ever had with the Quorn.

"Tom Firr was the huntsman at the time and a more just and kindly man never lived. Your whole career depends on the huntsman who first schools you in the art of hunting, for like huntsman like hounds. A nervous huntsman makes flighty hounds, a bold huntsman makes keen hounds.

"We met at the Great Dalby but did not do much in the morning, hampered as we were by a great crowd of horsemen. Late in the afternoon, when there was but a small company left with the hounds, we drew Burdett's covert. A fine dog fox went away from the lower end towards Dalby. We raced away at a rare pace towards Burrough Hill. I was at the head of the pack most of the time but

FRIENDLY TUSSLE FOR THE MASK

Rapid, a very fast bitch, was hard to beat when scent was breast-high, as it was that afternoon. The fox made for Adams' Gorse but finding the earth stopped kept on and crossed the Twyford brook into which we all plunged. There is no sensation quite equal to a cold plunge in the midst of a hot chase; it is very refreshing, for after a good shake on the far bank you feel fit for miles of hunting. On we went towards John O'Gaunt and crossed the road that runs between Loseby and Merfield. The fox was evidently heading for Fox Hole Spinney beyond Quenby, but he was bowled over in the middle of a pasture field not far from Quenby Hall. There had not been a check the whole journey, just a twist or two that gave the advantage sometimes to me and then again to Rapid. She coursed the fox at the end and as he turned I rolled him over. I well remember a friendly tussle I had with Rapid as to which of us should have the honor of carrying the mask home to the kennels."

At that moment the lifting of a gate-latch was heard and Amorous stopped his story and then said:

"Here comes the kennel boy; it must be feeding time, so be off with you."

At this the puppies scampered after the boy and Amorous limping slightly followed, murmuring softly to himself:

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctors for a nauseous draught."

III

COCKFIGHTING IN FRANCE

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER"

COCKFIGHTING IN FRANCE

"IT beats cockfighting" was a term one often heard in the good old sporting days before legislation had crippled sport in America, and the expression meant the acme of astonishment and pleasure.

Cockfighting has been banished from most of the states of the Union yet gamecocks are raised and a few of the old fighting strains are still in existence, and are bred as carefully as they were in the early part of the last century.

Mains take place from time to time, but the sport being against the law little is heard of what happens, for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is ever on the alert and ready to have any infringement of the law punished.

From my standpoint I believe that gamecocks are intended to fight, just as thoroughbred horses are intended to race.

We suffer from too much legislation in this the Twentieth Century and everything is being done to destroy what were supposed to be the greatest qualities of the American race, namely self-reliance, initiative, and push. One hears the new word "hustle" very often used, but it does not mean the same thing. Hustle means speed, and speed alone is not what we need. We are now told what we can do by law, but more often what we cannot do, and are treated more like children than grown up men and women.

They attempt to make us honest by legislation and moral by law. Laws will not stop men from betting any more than legislation will prevent young women in seduced circumstances from leading immoral lives.

"God's own country" is no longer peopled by the sturdy Anglo-Saxon race as it was when the term was first used, but is overrun by a rag-tag horde of Jew and Gentile from Europe.

I was in Europe when war was declared with Spain. On my voyage home I chanced one day to be sitting in the smoking room discussing the outcome of the war with two English officers who were bound for Bermuda. They had just said that the American volunteer troops would have much trouble fighting the regular well-trained soldiers of Spain, when a fat German Jew who sat near us arrayed in a white yachting suit and cap, and who had been proudly flashing a large diamond ring remarked: "Vell, I don't know! Ve Anglo-Saxons are extemporaneous varriors." He was not far wrong as events proved, for his remark would have been a good motto for the Rough Riders. It was an unpleasant question to answer when one of the Englishmen asked me later if our "fighting friend" was an American?

A party of friends were sitting in the Travellers' Club in Paris one day after the races trying to pick the winner of the

Prix du Président to be run on the following Sunday, when my friend H. turned to me and asked if I would like to go to a cock-fight the next day.

I well knew that sport had come on apace in France, and that the third best three-year-old in the country had just won the English Derby. I had also heard that the French had won at lawn-tennis and at football. As for boxing, everyone had heard of the great Carpentier, but cockfighting in France was a "new one" to me.

Our party of eight met at the Gare du Nord early the following morning and journeyed to Roubaix, near Lille, in a special car with the American birds in the luggage compartment.

My friend H. had raised and fought this special breed of cocks for more than twenty-five years and had seldom lost a main. He had fought the French birds a year previously according to the American rules, and had beaten them handily, and a fresh

main had been made under special rules which we were now on our way to see decided.

When we reached our journey's end we were met by our opponent, Monsieur M., a tall, heavily built young Frenchman of the modern sporting type, and taken to his father's pretty villa just out of town for luncheon, and were presented to his father and mother as well as to his cock-fighting friends. We walked through the gardens and had a look at a few cocks and chickens that were in runs near the stables. What impressed me most was the size of the gamecocks and their wonderful bone. They have bred them for size as well as gameness for many years, and it is not uncommon to find a cock that will weigh five kilos, which is close to eleven pounds.

Monsieur M. said his great difficulty this year had been to find cocks light enough to weigh-in with the American birds. After months of search in the

northern part of France and in Belgium, he had collected thirteen cocks that he thought might do.

Roubaix is a manufacturing town where fine cloth and carpets are made, and our host proved to be one of the rich manufacturers of the place. I asked him if he enjoyed cockfighting and he said he did not, that his tastes were music and flowers, but that his son took after his mother and that she enjoyed everything that pleased her boy. I walked in the garden with him and he showed his roses with great pride and told me of his life in very good English, having passed his early years in Australia. Besides his factory in Roubaix he owned, he told me, a ranch of thousands of acres in Argentina with vast herds of cattle and horses.

We sat down forty-four at luncheon, and it was a veritable feast, a *cuisine* such as one finds in France alone.

I complimented our hostess on her *chef*, when the coffee was being passed, and she

replied: "Monsieur, vous êtes bien bon, mais je trouve que le déjeuner n'était pas assez chaud."

I had a talk with the French handler and with a young Englishman who was present, and discovered the latter had been imported to condition the French birds. In their opinion the last main had been lost owing to the fact that the French cocks had not been trained.

The French system is to fight their birds in full feather untrained. They are heeled with round steel spurs set in aluminum sockets, and as long as "slashers" ($1\frac{3}{4}$ inch). The birds are faced in the pit and allowed to fight for fifteen minutes, and are not allowed to be touched during the time, not even though "fast," and the judge's decision is final.

Cockfighting is winked at in France when conducted as an amateur sport, which is a very wise provision.

In the main that we were to witness the terms of the fight were to be a compromise

between the French rules and the American cocking rules, namely:

The cocks were to be heeled with French spurs according to the French method. The American handler was to be shown the French method of heeling. The cocks were to be picked up if "fast" — twenty was to be counted and the birds faced. There was to be no time limit.

After luncheon we were taken back to town and ushered into a dance-hall behind a saloon which was lighted from the roof and had no ventilation. In the middle of the dancing floor stood a cockpit about four feet from the ground, covered with carpet and surrounded by a wire netting. This latter looked dangerous yet was as fair for one side as the other.

I was amused by a sign that hung on the wall to the effect that:

GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED TO RE-
MOVE THEIR HATS BEFORE DANCING

When we had found the seats that had been provided for us, the invited towns-

people, about two hundred enthusiasts, were admitted, and they soon filled the hall with Belgian-French and bad tobacco smoke.

Monsieur M. climbed into the cockpit and demanded silence. He informed the assemblage that they were all invited guests, that the rules for fighting were not according to what they were accustomed to, but that they would kindly make no comments on the proceedings.

The sport then began. The French cock won the first fight as the American bird broke a leg against the wire netting. The second battle was a draw. The French won the third, fourth and fifth, and the Americans the sixth fight.

The French birds, being in full feather, appeared to be much heavier than those from America, and were stronger and hit harder and appeared to be just as game, yet it began to be whispered about the pit that the American cocks were not properly heeled. Only one man in

ten thousand can heel cocks properly, and although the American handler had been shown the French method it was quite a different matter to carry out the information with success.

I noticed that the American birds were heeled fairly straight, whereas when the Frenchmen stood flatfooted in the pit, their spurs crossed one another and that they were not each at the same angle — one seemed to be intended for the throat and the other for the body. Our birds were being killed by body blows which with the long heels proved fatal. But on with the fight! The seventh French cock was a fine, up-standing red bird, the hero of three fights, and he made short work of our countryman. The eighth fight was also won by France, this time by a Dominick, which, being six out of eleven fights, decided the main.

Monsieur M. then announced that as many of the amateurs present were of the opinion that the superior heeling had de-

cided the main in his favor, he proposed to have his man heel an American bird and the American handler heel a French cock, so as to see if it had been really the mechanical skill that had given the main to his birds. This was done and the Frenchman not only heeled but also handled the American bird, and won the fight. At this pandemonium broke loose. The crowd had understood the heeling proposition but not the handling, and they could not make out which side had won, so they wrangled on for half an hour before bets that had been paid were refunded and paid again.

Much to our surprise we had been beaten, but my friend H., good sportsman that he is, knows how to "take the gaff" and never murmured. He was of the opinion that his birds were over-trained and had "gone back" but insisted that in the condition that they were in that day, the French cocks would have beaten them if they had been heeled according to the

American rules, or even without any heels at all.

The fresh air was a pleasant change after four hours of heat and tobacco smoke, and we journeyed back to Paris wiser if not richer, but much impressed by the hospitality of France. It is no wonder that thousands of Americans travel eastward every year to spend their money and enjoy themselves in a country where a man is allowed to judge for himself what is right or wrong in sport and pleasure, and where he is not hampered by blue-laws. Whatever a Frenchman's faults may be, he certainly is not a hypocrite.

One lives and learns, and I had acquired the information at Roubaix that French-bred gamecocks are strong game fighters. My great regret was not to have seen two of their ten-pound giant birds fight, for the crash of battle must be awe-inspiring.

IV

THE BONEFISH

(*Albula vulpes*)

"THE WILLING FISH AROUND AMBITIOUS WAIT
FLY TO THE LINE AND FASTEN ON THE BAIT"

Oppian.

THE BONEFISH

(*Albula vulpes*)

THIS fish must not be confounded with the ladyfish (*Elops saurus*). The latter is to be found all along both the east and west coast of Florida and bears the local names of ladyfish, bonefish, bonyfish and big-eyed herring, but it has no resemblance to the true bonefish either in appearance or in its method of fighting, for it is a high and lofty jumper, whereas the true bonefish never leaves the water when hooked.

The bonefish (*Albula vulpes*) has fifteen rays on the dorsal fin and eight on the anal fin, whereas the ladyfish (*Elops saurus*) has twenty rays on the first dorsal fin and thirteen on the anal fin. The latter is a slim fish with delicate silver scales and has no streaks.

The bonefish proper has the appearance of a beautiful silvery fish very like the white-

fish of the lakes; the mouth is small, the lips are thick with grinding teeth set in the throat. It has large fins and tail, hard scales, and is marked with stripes like a striped bass.

Bonefish are not large fish; the largest I ever saw weighed twelve pounds, but they will average five or six pounds. It is their fighting ability that is extraordinary and it is away above their weight, for they are the strongest and most plucky, as well as the most shy fish that swim in the sea.

The habitat of the true bonefish begins at Biscayne Bay, Florida, and extends through the Florida Keys. How far south they really go is not known but, as natives have told me that they are more plentiful in the summertime, it would lead one to believe that they come from the south. I have seen them in the Havana fish market, and on one occasion I saw a bonefish taken from a net at the entrance to Havana harbor. In the winter and spring months

BONEFISH (*Albula vulpes*)

they may be found from Bear's Cut to Bahia Honda.

These fish travel in schools and are to be found on the change of the tide in channels and on the flats often quite near the shore.

Along the bars near Caesar's Creek and northeast of Indian Key on the east side of Lower Matecumbe Channel are good fishing grounds but Card Sound is probably the best place to find them.

The fishing is best from flood to full tide at which time the fish come in to feed in water not more than eight or ten inches in depth. They feed on crustacea and as they hunt about the bottom their tails often show above the surface.

In fishing for bonefish the best tackle is a two-piece light split bamboo such as is known as a Punta Rassa rod, a free-running casting reel with four hundred feet or more of nine- or twelve- thread line, and two 4/0 hooks mounted on gut. Although many fishermen think otherwise, no leader

seems to be necessary. A four-sided sinker, one that will not roll in a tideway and frighten the fish, should be placed on the end of the line with the hooks above it. You can then, by keeping your line taut, feel the slightest bite.

The method of catching these fish is to pole a shallow-draft rowboat along the flats until you reach the spot where you purpose to fish, and to fasten her at bow and stern with short sticks that will cast no shadows, for the bonefish are very shy and being in shallow water the least shadow cast or noise made in the boat will frighten them away.

Your guide should then crush a crayfish and allow it to sink to the bottom attached to the boat by a bit of cord; if no crayfish is handy he may chum with crabmeat, for the tide will carry the small pieces along and attract the fish.

Having baited your hooks with soldier-crab, hermit-crab, sand-crabs, or sprites you cast your bait in the direction of the

chum. Another method is to bait a chosen spot with chum, place your baited hook near by, move off some distance paying out line, and anchor. Allow the fish to pick up the bait and move off before striking, or better still by stopping the reel with your thumb allow the fish to hook itself.

It is most interesting to watch the bonefish feeding along with the tide and gradually approaching the spot where your bait lies. You can see their fins above the surface, and now and then the tail of a feeding fish will appear or the flash of the sun as it strikes their silvery sides will catch your eye.

When hooked the bonefish is off with a dash for it is the fastest moving fish that swims. It will take from two to four hundred feet of line in its first run, which is not infrequently repeated two or three times. This is the more remarkable owing to the shallow water. When the steady pressure of the rod turns your fish it will

circle around the boat again and again fighting all the time, and if you succeed in bringing it alongside it may be lifted into the boat, for it has died game of sheer exhaustion.

As the tarpon is rated the king of the large game fish that swim in the sea so should the bonefish be classed the king of the smaller tribe, for he is game to the very last moment.

The bonefish are supposed to be good eating and the taste of the meat is said to resemble the shad. I can testify that they resemble the latter fish as to the number of bones they contain for in that respect they are well named.

THE STRIPED BASS IN THE PACIFIC

"BE NOT FORGETFUL TO ENTERTAIN STRANGERS"

THE STRIPED BASS IN THE PACIFIC

FROM the American seafisherman's standpoint the striped bass should be considered the most interesting fish that swims in the sea, not only on account of its gameness and the interesting sport it has afforded but also because the science of sea-fishing in American waters has been developed from striped bass fishing. Most scientific sea-tackle is based on the knowledge acquired from years of striped bass fishing, for it was the first seafish that American anglers fished for scientifically. Prior to the sixties braided lines and large single action reels were in use along our coast just as they are along the coast of England today, but this antiquated tackle proved to be not sufficiently strong or quick enough in action for so agile a fish as the striped bass.

Three jointed rods of ash or lance-wood were used at first, then the Calcutta and Japan bamboo rods came into fashion and these were developed later into the light, two-piece split bamboo rods with guides and tips of agate or cornelian of the present day.

The twisted Cuttyhunk lines and easily-running multiplying reels were also invented for this bass fishing purpose. The strong tackle used for tarpon and tuna fishing has been developed until we now have reels that will stand the heaviest strain of a thousand pound tuna, and will hold a thousand feet of twisted linen line that will not break at sixty pounds of dead pull.

The striped bass were very plentiful along the Atlantic coast in the sixties and seventies, and are still to be found from Cape Cod to Chesapeake Bay and even farther south where they are known as rockfish.

In the sixties many clubs were formed

at Newport, West Island, Block Island and Montauk, and at Cuttyhunk and Pasque Islands where the waters were chummed with menhaden and where the members fished from the rocks and from iron stands built on the rocky points that jut out into the sea. Many fish were also taken from rowboats, the angler casting his bait into the white waters of the breaking surf around rocks and points where these fish were known to trade.

There is some skill required in casting for when the bait is started on its flight through the air the reel pays out the line much faster than the weight of the bait can carry it off, and if not checked by the thumb, the line overruns.

When casting, the rod is thrown back with about two and a half feet of line for play; with a rather slow movement of the tip forward the bait describing a graceful curve drops noiselessly into the water.

Many large fish were taken in this manner every season. For example, Mr.

Thomas Winans and his nephew took in three months' fishing from stands built for the purpose on the rocks in front of his house at Newport, Rhode Island, 124 striped bass weighing 2921 pounds, an average of over twenty-three pounds, the largest being a fish of sixty pounds. I have known my father, the late George Griswold, who was a keen fisherman, to bring home before breakfast, four fish that would weigh over fifty pounds each, but that was in the sixties at New London where no bass are now to be found.

Last season (1914) I heard of but three large fish taken in the waters off the Elizabeth Islands. They weighed 51, 52, and 63 pounds. The summer before but one large fish was reported.

The fishing clubs have been abandoned, the stands have been destroyed by the action of the sea, and the waters are no longer chummed or fished, for the large striped bass have become a tradition of the past. This has been caused by ex-

cessive net fishing, for the bass, being a migratory fish, has been and is still netted along the full length of the coast both going and coming as well as when in southern waters, and the result has been fatal.

In late years a new form of fishing has been introduced and special tackle invented for the purpose. This is known as beach or surf fishing. The fisherman clad in long rubber wading-boots, using a specially long and springy rod, casts his bait and sinker out beyond the combers. About two feet above the sinker, which weighs from three to five ounces, a leader of triple or quadruple gut is fastened to the line with a double-action swivel. In this manner some good fish are still taken every spring and autumn along the New Jersey and Long Island beaches, and many small bass, known as "school bass," are caught trolling in the estuaries and along the tide-rips.

In 1875 an attempt was made to transfer

the striped bass to the waters of the Pacific Coast. One hundred and fifty fingerlings were safely transported across the continent and liberated in a slough that emptied into San Francisco Bay. This was repeated in 1880 when two hundred and fifty fingerlings were liberated in the same manner. The first fish taken in the nets were two fish of seven pounds captured in 1880. From this time the fish, being protected by good laws, increased amazingly both in numbers and in size.

In 1903 two million pounds of striped bass were sold in the markets of San Francisco and Oakland and the supply seemed inexhaustible.

A striped bass fishing club had been formed and although the members attempted to preserve the fish for the good sport they afforded they failed, for the State Fishing Commission was persuaded by the public fishermen and the fish dealers to remove all restrictions.

As often happens in such cases the com-

MR. JAMES R. STEERS AND STRIPED BASS

mission discovered its mistake too late, for in a few years time few fish remained.

In later years they have renewed the restrictions by closing some of the bay sloughs to fishermen and not allowing any fish to be taken under three pounds in weight, and the fish are now increasing and afford good sport.

In 1903 one and a quarter cents a pound was the price in the market but it has risen so that twenty cents a pound is now often paid, for it took some years to establish the fact that the striped bass as a table fish compares favorably with the salmon and the other seafish of the Pacific Ocean.

The largest fish taken that I have record of weighed $62\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and I have heard of several fish that weighed over fifty pounds.

The method of fishing for them is trolling as they seem to be found only in the bay and in the sloughs and rivers that empty into the bay.

Whereas the baits used on the Atlantic

Coast are menhaden, lobster, eels, shedder crabs, and bloodworms, on the Pacific Coast the fish are taken on the Wilson spoon, which was invented for this purpose, and with crab, herring, and a local fish called bull-head.

Little seems to be known about the habits of these transplanted fish. They seem to remain in the same waters the year round, yet most of the large fish are taken in November and December.

It is the most interesting case of the transplanting of seafish that I know of and if the restrictions had not been removed the striped bass fishing in San Francisco Bay would be justly celebrated and there would have been no scarcity of striped bass in the fish markets of California.

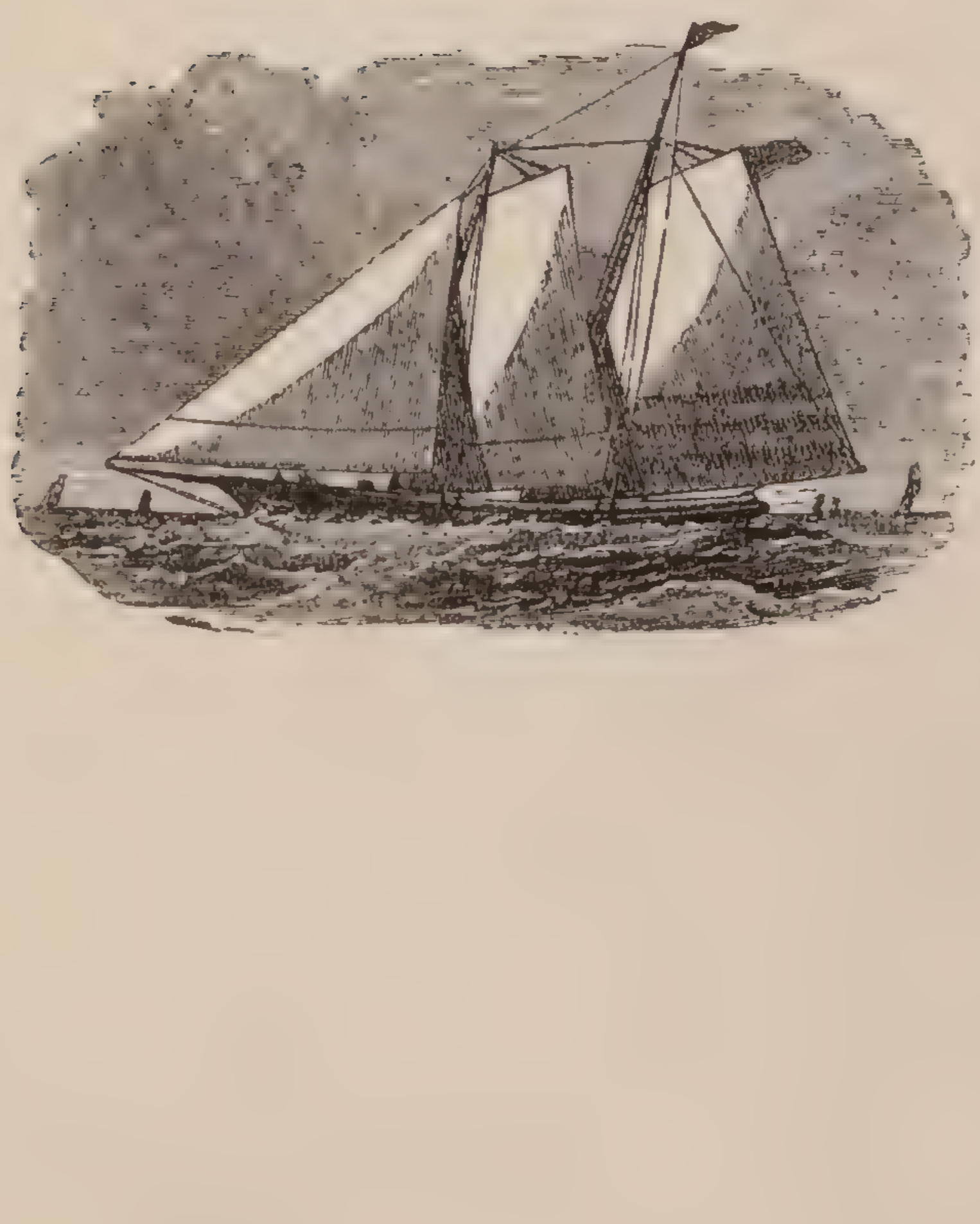
V

LOG OF THE YACHT *AMERICA*

BY

JAMES R. STEERS

1851



LOG OF THE YACHT *AMERICA*

By

James R. Steers

THE yacht was built in the shipyard of William H. Brown at the foot of East 12th Street, East River, New York.

The yacht started from New York for England, June 21, 1851.

8:00 A.M. Left the foot of East 12th Street. Wind light.

9:00 A.M. Took steamer and was towed out of the East River.

11:00 A.M. Parted with our friends.

1:00 P.M. George Gibbons came on board with the officers.

1:12 P.M. The steamer "Pacific" passed us and gave us nine cheers and two guns; which was returned by us with as good a heart as it was given, Captain Nye stand-

ing on the wheelhouse with his hat in his hand.

3:00 P.M. Crossed Sandy Hook Bar going 11 knots.

6:00 P.M. Set the gaff topsail, mainsail, foresail and jib.

8:00 P.M. Set the starboard watch.

10:00 P.M. Hove the log and found her to be going 10 knots.

Wind S.S.E. Thick fog.

Course E. by S.

Second Mate turned in rather qualmish.

10:10 P.M. Captain, Second Mate and Carpenter took a little brandy and water, say about ten drops.

12:00 P.M. Hove the log; going 8 knots.

Wind S.S.E.

Course E. by S.

2:00 A.M. Going 9 knots.

4:00 A.M. Going 9 knots.

Captain, Mate and Chipps took a seidlitz powder.

6:00 A.M. Going 6 knots. Course E.N. by E. Wind E. by S. by E.
Air thick as mush.

8:00 A.M. Log gave $5\frac{1}{2}$ knots. Fog like rain.
Scrubbed the hatch and aft of the mainsail.

12:00 M. *Sunday*, JUNE 22.
Wind S.S.E., light and foggy.
Had for dinner, small roast turkey and green peas. Boiled beef and pork, with bread pudding to top off with. Took soundings in 22 fathoms water.

From 12:00 to 2:00 P.M. course E. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.
Going $3\frac{1}{2}$ knots.
From 2:00 to 4:00 P.M. course E. by N. Going 6 knots.
Second Mate a little sick. Sails set like boards.

4:00 P.M. Took a drink to all our friends at home.

6:00 P.M. Course E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. Going 5 knots. Continual fog. Set the topmast staysail.

8:00 P.M. From 6:00 to 8:00 P.M. tacked ship. Wind N.E.

10:00 P.M. Calm, no wind.

12:00 P.M. Going about 1 knot.

2:00 A.M. Going $1\frac{1}{2}$ knots. Wind S.W. From 4:00 to 6:00 A.M. going $3\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

7:00 A.M. Took soundings in 14 fathoms water. From 6:00 to 8:00 A.M., 1 mile per hour.

From 8:00 to 10:00 A.M., log gave her 6 knots.

From 10:00 to 12:00 A.M., going 10 knots. Course S.S.E.

Wind S. Distance run in the last 24 hours on her course E. by S., 69 miles.

Second mate a little sick.

Monday, JUNE 23.

Had for dinner, veal potpie, and Indian fritters with sauce.

From 12:00 until 2:00 P.M., course E.S.E.
Going 10 knots. Wind S. by E.
From 2:00 to 4:00 P.M. Going 10 knots.
From 4:00 to 6:00 P.M. " 11 "
From 6:00 to 8:00 P.M. " 12 "
9:00 P.M. Set the squaresail, or "Big Ben" as the Captain called it.
10:00 P.M. Took him in, as he would not stand, the wind hauling.
From 10:00 to 12:00 P.M. Going 11 knots.
From 12:00 to 2:00 A.M. " 10 "
From 2:00 to 4:00 A.M. " 10 "
From 4:00 to 6:00 A.M. " 12 "
From 6:00 to 8:00 A.M. " 12 "
8:30 A.M. Set the "Big Ben," the wind blowing a stiff breeze.
From 8:00 to 10:00 A.M. Going 13 knots.
From 10:00 to 12:00 A.M. " $13\frac{1}{2}$ "

Run in the last 24 hours, 284 miles.

At 10:00 A.M. saw an English brig. She set her colors and we tried to set ours, but could not.

Thus ended this day.

Tuesday, JUNE 24.

1:00 P.M. Double reefed the mainsail and set the gaff topsail over the mainsail; running hard all the time.

2:00 P.M. Hove the log and found her to be going 12 knots.

From	2:00	to	4:00 P.M.	Going	12 knots.
From	4:00	to	6:00 P.M.	"	12 "
From	6:00	to	8:00 P.M.	"	10 "
From	8:00	to	10:00 P.M.	"	11 "
From	10:00	to	12:00 P.M.	"	11 "
From	12:00	to	2:00 P.M.	"	11 "
From	2:00	to	4:00 A.M.	"	11 "
From	4:00	to	6:00 A.M.	"	9 "
From	6:00	to	8:00 A.M.	"	9 "
From	8:00	to	10:00 A.M.	"	6 "
From	10:00	to	12:00 A.M.	"	6 "

From 4:00 A.M. quite calm; wind light, about W.

Course E. by S. Distance this 24 hours, 240 miles.

Had for dinner this day, roast beef and green peas, salads, mashed potatoes and turnips.

At 4:00 A.M. shook off the reef in mainsail and jibbed over, the wind hauling.

At 6:00 P.M. passed a ship going the same way, supposed to be the "Franklin."

Thus ended this day.

Wednesday, JUNE 25.

This day commences with light breezes and increases to stiff breezes. And the way we passed a ship with a large cross in her fore topsail!

Was not near enough to speak her.

Had for dinner today a beautiful piece of roast beef and green peas; rice pudding for dessert.

Everything set, and the way we passed everything we saw was enough to surprise everybody on board.

2:00 P.M. Going 7 knots. Course E. by S. Wind N.W.

4:00	P.M.	Going	13	knots.
6:00	P.M.	"	13	"
8:00	P.M.	"	12	"
10:00	P.M.	"	12	"
12:00	P.M.	"	12	"
2:00	P.M.	"	13	"
4:00	A.M.	"	13	"
6:00	A.M.	"	12	"
8:00	A.M.	"	12	"
10:00	A.M.	"	12	"
12:00	M.	"	7	"

Total run for the day, 276 miles. Wind, same.

Thursday, JUNE 26.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

Strong breeze from N.W. and hazy.

6:00 A.M. Spoke an English brig from Falmouth; could not tell where bound, we passed her so quickly.

Had for dinner today, roast turkey and chicken potpie. Dessert, plum pudding. First rate dinner. Had some good brandy and water to top off with.

After part of day pleasant. Saw seven fishermen fishing for cod fish; but could not stop to fish, having a fair wind.

Latitude by observation 44° 20′
Longitude " 50° 0′

2:00 P.M. Going 11 knots.

4:00 P.M. " 12 "

6:00 P.M. Going 12 knots.
8:00 P.M. " 12 "
10:00 P.M. " $11\frac{1}{2}$ "
12:00 P.M. " 12 "
2:00 A.M. " $11\frac{1}{2}$ "
4:00 A.M. " 10 "
6:00 A.M. " 10 "
8:00 A.M. " $9\frac{1}{2}$ "
10:00 A.M. " $9\frac{1}{2}$ "
12:00 M. " 7 "

Distance run by log, 254 miles.
Course E. by S.
Wind N.W.

Friday, JUNE 27.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This day begins with light breezes.

Unbent our mainsail and bent the old one, which took us until supper time.

Had for dinner chicken fricassee and apple sauce.

Hot cakes for supper.

Today covered the starboard rail forward to keep the jib sheet from chafing.

Wind very light. All sail set we can give her. She is the best sea boat that ever went out of the Hook. The way we have passed everything we have seen must be witnessed to be believed.

2:00 P.M. Going 7 knots.
4:00 P.M. " 7 "
6:00 P.M. " 6 "
8:00 P.M. " 6 "
10:00 P.M. " 5 "
12:00 P.M. " 5 "
2:00 A.M. " 6 "
4:00 A.M. " 6 "
6:00 A.M. " 6 "
8:00 A.M. " 7 "
10:00 A.M. " 5 "
12:00 A.M. " 5 "

Run for the day, 144 miles.
Course E. by S. Wind S.

Saturday, JUNE 28.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This day begins with very light breezes.

All hands at work holystoning deck and cockpit.

At 6:00 P.M. passed and spoke the British brig "Clyde" of Liverpool, 15 days from New York bound for Liverpool. We saw her about 10:00 A.M. right ahead and at 6:00 P.M. she was out of sight astern. The Captain said that she sailed like the wind.

Also passed the British brig "Sophie" 13 days out.

Had for dinner today, stewed chicken with apple pie, with

plenty of good brandy and water.

Sea smooth as oil.

Little George sick.

2:00 P.M. Going 5 knots.

4:00 P.M. " 6 "

6:00 P.M. " $6\frac{1}{2}$ "

Course E. by S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.

Wind S.S.E.

Sunday, JUNE 29.

Remarks on board.

This day commenced with light breezes which continued until about 2:00 P.M., when it breezed up with a heavy sea.

Close hauled. Thick and foggy with rain. I do not think it ever rained harder since Noah floated his ark.

At 4:00 A.M. reefed the mainsail and took off the bonnets of the foresail and jib.

In taking the gaff topsail in it caught and split it from end to end.

At 10:00 A.M. the wind died away and we shook out our reefs, the wind being so light, and the old sea! I thought she would slap the sails all to pieces.

Had for dinner today, roast chicken and beef. Apple pie for dessert.

Little George a little better.

2:00 P.M. Going 5 knots.
4:00 P.M. " 6 "
6:00 P.M. " $6\frac{1}{2}$ "
8:00 P.M. " $7\frac{1}{2}$ "
10:00 P.M. " 7 "
12:00 P.M. " $7\frac{1}{2}$ "
2:00 A.M. " 6 "
4:00 A.M. " 6 "
6:00 A.M. " $7\frac{1}{2}$ "
8:00 A.M. " 6 "
10:00 A.M. " 5 "
12:00 M. " 5 "

Distance run this 24 hours, 150 miles.

Course E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. E. by S. E. by S.E. S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. S.E. by E.

Wind S.E. and then S.

Thus ended this 24 hours.

Monday, JUNE 30.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This day light winds and fog, mixed at times with hard rain. All sails set.

At 10:00 P.M. passed and spoke the ship "Malabar" from New York bound for Dublin.

The wind increased and by the next morning was driving bowsprit on. Bucketful of water came down and ran over the cabin.

Had for dinner today, fried ham and eggs, boiled cornbeef,

mashed potatoes, and rice pudding.

Should I ever get home this will be my last sea trip. All my clothes wet. It has rained every day since we left.

2:00 P.M. Going 7 knots.
4:00 P.M. " 6 "
6:00 P.M. " 7 "
8:00 P.M. " 6 "
10:00 P.M. " 6 "
12:00 P.M. " 6 "
2:00 A.M. " 6 "
4:00 A.M. " 6 "
6:00 A.M. " 5 "
8:00 A.M. " 6 "
10:00 A.M. " 7 "
12:00 M. " 7 "

Distance run this 24 hours, 152 miles.

Longitude 40° 45′. Latitude 47° 11′.

Tuesday, JULY 1.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This day begins with good breezes and heavy head seas, but she goes over them like a Portuguese Man-of-War, taking over little or no water on the deck.

At 12:00 M. saw something at a point on our lee bow and found it to be a dead whale; the largest anyone on board had ever seen. The fat was at least a foot thick.

Last night was a very bad night. The wind all died away and such swashing you never heard of.

Had for dinner today boiled ham and plum pudding.

Have been coppering the rail forward today and the men have been cleaning every-

thing out and drying. This is the first day the sun has shown, and that only half a day. It will rain again before night.

2:00	P.M.	Going	9	knots.
4:00	P.M.	"	7	"
6:00	P.M.	"	6	"
8:00	P.M.	"	$2\frac{1}{2}$	"
10:00	P.M.	"	$4\frac{1}{2}$	"
12:00	P.M.	"	5	"
2:00	A.M.	"	$3\frac{1}{2}$	"
4:00	A.M.	"	4	"
6:00	A.M.	"	5	"
8:00	A.M.	"	6	"
10:00	A.M.	"	6	"
12:00	M.	"	6	"

Distance run in the last 24 hours, 129 miles.

Lat. 47°. Long. 38° 7′.

Course this day S.E. by E.; E. by N.; E. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.; E.; S.E.; S.E. by E.

Wind S.S.W.

Wednesday, JULY 2.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This 24 hours commences with light wind.

At 2:00 P.M. unbent the large jib and bent the small one. It looks like a shirt on a bean pole. Repaired the gaff topsail and set it.

At 2:00 A.M. the Mate called Captain. The wind was shifting and blowing hard and we carried on to her while we could lay our course.

At 10:00 A.M. passed a clipper brig bound the same way and we passed her faster than she was going ahead.

At 12:00 M. had to get the yard out 5 or 6 feet outside the rigging to help support the foremast. There was a

heavy head wind and she was making the water flow some.

Little George a little better.

Brother George sick. I am making him some gruel. Our cook is not a very good caterer. He can boil a piece of beef or pork, or roast a piece of beef or a turkey; but the puddings are heavy and the crust of his pies is as tough as a leather apron. He made some wheat fritters and you wanted better teeth than I have to chew them fine enough to digest. But we are here on the tossing waves 1300 miles from Havre, and if this wind will only last 6 days we will be snug in harbor, — barring any accident.

Had for dinner today boiled pork and beef with rice pudding.

2:00 P.M. Going $6\frac{1}{2}$ knots.
4:00 P.M. " $6\frac{1}{2}$ "
6:00 P.M. " 5 "
8:00 P.M. " $7\frac{1}{2}$ "
10:00 P.M. " 7 "
12:00 P.M. " 7 "
2:00 A.M. " 7 "
4:00 A.M. " 12 "
6:00 A.M. " 12 "
8:00 A.M. " 11 "
10:00 A.M. " 10 "
12:00 M. " 9 "

Distance 209 Miles.

Thursday, JULY 3.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This day commences with strong breezes.

At 8:00 P.M. took the bonnet off the foresail and single

reefed the mainsail. Wind blowing stiff.

At 9:00 P.M. carried away the seizing of the Starboard fore shrouds. Hove her to with jib to the mast and lowered the foresail. Took the throat and squaresail halyards to keep the mast up. She ran all night under jib and mainsail reefed, up to 9:00 A.M., when she was hove to to send a man up to seize them. He did so, after a fashion. She shook him so I could hardly think he could hold on, but he fixed it and came down. We made sail and were all right again.

We had for dinner today, veal stew with bread pudding for dessert.

All hands at work making preparations before we get in.

2:00 P.M. Going 9 knots.
4:00 P.M. " $8\frac{1}{2}$ "
6:00 P.M. " 9 "
8:00 P.M. " 12 "
10:00 P.M. " 10 "
12:00 P.M. " 10 "
2:00 A.M. " 10 "
4:00 A.M. " 9 "
6:00 A.M. " 8 "
8:00 A.M. " $7\frac{1}{2}$ "
10:00 A.M. " 7 "
12:00 M. " 6 "

Distance run, by log, 212 miles.
Lat. 48° 46′. Long. 30° 5′.

Friday, JULY 4.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This day commences with good breezes. Thick and foggy. All sails set.

At 8:30 P.M. set the gaff topsail.

At 4:00 A.M. set the topmost staysail.

At 10:00 A.M. fog cleared away and had a beautiful day; this being the 4th of July, the greatest of all days to all true hearted Americans, and the Wonder of the World. The Captain would not let anybody work any more than was actually necessary. Gave them a bottle of gin and you would laugh to hear the toasts given at the dinner.

The wind died away and it was as still as a mill pond.

If we have three days good wind we will make the land.

2:00 P.M. Going 8 knots.
4:00 P.M. " 7 "
6:00 P.M. " 8 "
8:00 P.M. " 9 "
10:00 P.M. " 9 "

12:00 P.M. Going $9\frac{1}{2}$ knots.
2:00 A.M. " 9 "
4:00 A.M. " 8 "
6:00 A.M. " 6 "
8:00 A.M. " 6 "
10:00 A.M. " 6 "
12:00 M. " 4 "

Distance run, by log, 179 miles.
Lat. 49° 11′. Long. 25° 36′.

Saturday, JULY 5.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This day commences with light wind, next to a calm, and so continued throughout the day.

All hands holystoning forward deck.

Carpenter coppering the break deck beam.

George today is very sick and weak. After dinner gave him a shower bath with

salt water, in the cock-pit.

Little George is better; and I am well and feel first rate.

We were in hopes of making the passage in 14 days, but if we have no wind we may be a week or more.

We spoke the brig "Constance" from Havana bound to Falmouth. Had been at sea 35 days. We passed her the same as all the rest.

2:00	P.M.	Going	2	knots.
4:00	P.M.	"	2	"
6:00	P.M.	"	3	"
8:00	P.M.	"	$2\frac{1}{2}$	"
10:00	P.M.	"	2	"
12:00	P.M.	"	0	" (Dead Calm)
2:00	A.M.	"	0	" " "
4:00	A.M.	"	0	" " "
6:00	A.M.	"	0	" " "
8:00	A.M.	"	1	"
10:00	A.M.	"	2	"
12:00	M.	"	2	"

Distance run by log, 23 miles.
Lat. 49° 5′. Long. 25° 45′.

Sunday, JULY 6.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This day commences with light breezes, practically no wind. Sails slap enough to tear them to pieces.

George a little better, but still homesick.

This calm is very much against us. We had hopes of making the passage in 14 days, and would have done it, let the wind come from any point as long as it blew a breeze; but here we are tumbling about and not making any headway and what little breeze we had right ahead.

Had for dinner today boiled

corn beef and pork and
apple pie for dessert.
After dinner Captain, Second
Mate and Chipps took a
Port wine sangaree.
If George was not so homesick
we would enjoy ourselves
much better.
I drink to those I love and
respect. Amen.

2:00	P.M.	Going	3	knots.
4:00	P.M.	"	2	"
6:00	P.M.	"	0	"
8:00	P.M.	"	0	"
10:00	P.M.	"	0	"
12:00	P.M.	"	0	"
2:00	A.M.	"	0	"
4:00	A.M.	"	7	"
6:00	A.M.	"	3	"
8:00	A.M.	"	3	"
10:00	A.M.	"	4	"
12:00	M.	"	5	"

Distance run by log, 54 miles.
Lat. 49° 22′. Long. 24° 6′.
Course S.E., S.S.E., E. by S.

Monday, JULY 7.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This day commences with light breezes, S.E. by S. Very pleasant.

At 8:00 P.M. spoke schooner "Galivedia" of Liverpool, 55 days from Rio. Cargo fustic and dyewood. Wished to be reported. This is the fourth day we have had a calm. We have passed four vessels out and two ships that we saw this morning from the mast-head, now under our lee 6 miles.

George is well and in better spirits.

We have been coppering the rail forward on the lar-board side. The crew at work making a capstan

cover, yoke ropes, gangway ropes, and such like. Took up a piece of iron to rest on the copper to keep it down and it went overboard.

2:00 P.M. Going 3 knots.
4:00 P.M. " 3 "
6:00 P.M. " 3 "
8:00 P.M. " 3 "
10:00 P.M. " 3 "
12:00 P.M. " 3 "
2:00 A.M. " 3 "
4:00 A.M. " 0 "
6:00 A.M. " 0 "
8:00 A.M. " 3 "
10:00 A.M. " 3 "
12:00 M. " 3 "

Distance run by log, 60 miles.
Lat. 49° 20′. Long. 23° 0′.

Tuesday, JULY 8.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This day commences with light breezes from the north.

At 5:00 P.M. the breeze freshened. The sea smooth. She commenced stepping along pretty lively, which I tell you was very gratifying to all on board, after four days rolling about and not wind enough to keep her steady.

At 2:00 P.M. set the squaresail or Big Ben or Broad Mouth as the Captain now calls it. We also set the staysail and gaff topsail.

We have 3 vessels in sight. One is a large ship with everything set, and she can go. We passed them like leaving a dock. We would like to have been close enough to find out what her name was.

At 1:00 A.M. carried away our gaff topsail sheet, and would

not lower our peak to reeve it again, so we lowered it (gaff topsail) down.

All hands well and in good spirits.

Our liquor is all but gone.

2:00	P.M.	Going	5	knots.
4:00	P.M.	"	5	"
6:00	P.M.	"	$8\frac{1}{2}$	"
8:00	P.M.	"	9	"
10:00	P.M.	"	8	"
12:00	P.M.	"	9	"
2:00	A.M.	"	10	"
4:00	A.M.	"	11	"
6:00	A.M.	"	11	"
8:00	A.M.	"	12	"
10:00	A.M.	"	$11\frac{1}{2}$	"
12:00	M.	"	$11\frac{1}{2}$	"

Course S.E. by E. N. by N.E.

Lat. 49° 26′. Long. 17° 56′.

Wednesday, JULY 9.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This day commences with fresh breezes from the North-west.

All hands well. Pointing ropes and cleaning up. Expect to make the land tomorrow.

About 12 o'clock exchanged signals with a large American ship bound west, — supposed to be one of the Liverpool packets.

We had a glorious run this last 24 hours. We calculate that we are about 280 miles from Havre at 12 o'clock noon today.

We had for dinner today, a beautiful piece of beef and pork and slap jacks. We also had to break open one of the boxes marked "Rum" as George had a belly ache and all of our own stock was consumed;

and we were not going to starve in a Market Place, so we took four bottles out and think it will last us.

2:00	P.M.	Going	12	knots.
4:00	P.M.	"	12	"
6:00	P.M.	"	12	"
8:00	P.M.	"	$11\frac{1}{2}$	"
10:00	P.M.	"	12	"
12:00	P.M.	"	11	"
2:00	A.M.	"	$11\frac{1}{2}$	"
4:00	A.M.	"	12	"
6:00	A.M.	"	10	"
8:00	A.M.	"	10	"
10:00	A.M.	"	11	"
12:00	M.	"	11	"

Distance run by log, 272 miles.
Lat. 49° 12′. Long. 11° 48′.

Thursday, JULY 10.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This day commences with fresh breezes and squally.

At 8:00 P.M. took in our square-sail and gaff topsail.

At 12:00 M. double reefed our mainsail and took the bonnet off the foresail.

At 4:00 A.M. shook out the reefs and set the squaresail.

At 9:30 A.M. took in the squaresail and set gaff topsail.

At 12:00 M. took in our gaff topsail.

Three square rigged ships ahead of us. We made them about 10:00 A.M. They have got everything set they can carry, but we are picking them up very fast. The sight is very exciting.

I do not feel altogether well today and want something to keep me up.

Had for dinner today boiled beef and pork and pudding for dessert.

I hope we will be in Havre tomorrow. This is 19 days today at 3 o'clock.

2:00	P.M.	Going	10	knots.
4:00	P.M.	"	11	"
6:00	P.M.	"	12	"
8:00	P.M.	"	12	"
10:00	P.M.	"	10	"
12:00	P.M.	"	10	"
2:00	A.M.	"	10	"
4:00	A.M.	"	10	"
6:00	A.M.	"	10	"
8:00	A.M.	"	10	"
10:00	A.M.	"	10	"
12:00	M.	"	10	"

Distance run by log, 250 miles.
Lat. 49° 31′. Long. 5° 43′.
Course S.E. by S. S.E. by E.
Wind N.W. all day.

Friday, JULY 11.

Remarks on board yacht "America."

This day commenced with fresh

breezes from the northwest.

At one o'clock and thirty minutes made the Island of Scilly and ran in for a pilot.

At 2:00 P.M. hove to for a sloop and by so doing parted the pearl of our gaff.

At seven o'clock and thirty minutes Star Point Bar N. E. by N. distance 15 miles.

At 9:00 A.M. Portland Bill Bar N. by E.

We have every sail set and the way she slides along "knocks" the pilot. He wanted to heave the lead himself, so we gratified him. He could not believe that she was going 12 knots, because she made so little fuss.

From Portland Bill Bar to

Havre is 112 miles. We have been cleaning up everything today and trying to get there about 7 o'clock this evening, on account of it being high water, so we can get into the slip or dock.

2:00 P.M. Going 11 knots.

4:00	P.M.	"	11	"
6:00	P.M.	"	11	"
8:00	P.M.	"	12	"
10:00	P.M.	"	12	"
12:00	P.M.	"	6	"
2:00	A.M.	"	2	"
4:00	A.M.	"	2	"
6:00	A.M.	"	2	"
8:00	A.M.	"	4	"
10:00	A.M.	"	4	"
12:00	M.	"	6	"

Distance run by log, 166 miles.
Lat. 50° 15′. Long. 1° 55′.
Friday Evening, 9:00 P.M., Remarks on board:

This afternoon we left Portland Bill with a strong breeze and shaped our course for Cape Bar Fleur, which we made at 4:00 P.M., the Cape bearing South.

At 8:30 P.M. hove to off Havre to wait until morning.

This Channel beats everything, and all conception that I had of its extent and magnitude. The pilot boats beggar all description. They are about 40 feet long, sloop rigged, or cutter as they call them; most of them carrying only two pilots and these two as dirty as chimney sweeps. The first thing they ask is "Do you want a pilot?" If answered in the affirmative, they ship over the side a small boat and board

you. The pilot steps aft and is introduced to the captain. They make a bargain as to the amount. He next asked, "Have you a bottle of spirits on board for the boat?" I will give the words that passed between our captain and the pilot. In answer to the first question the captain said no. "Have you any pork?" The captain told the steward to get some of each kind and give it to the boat. "Could you spare some tea and coffee? Have you any bread to spare? We have been out this trip three weeks last Tuesday." Here the captain filled away and the boat had to leave. The pilot told me that he

boarded and spoke every vessel that he met and asked the same questions. He told me that he supplied a ship last Wednesday with 200 pounds of beef and pork, besides other things, for which they received three pounds Sterling. They are without any exception the damnedest beggars I ever fell in with.

We have made the run from East 12th Street to Havre in 20 days 6 hours. From land to land in 18 days 15 hours. You will observe by the log that we were becalmed 5 days and 4 hours or 124 hours out of the time.

Laid up all night off Havre and at 4:00 A.M. took a French pilot and squared

away and got in about 10:00 A.M.

This is a very romantic place; but art has done more than nature. The harbor is a continuation of a canal with gates about every 500 feet. The tide rises and falls about 24 feet. The piers are all of hewn stone beautifully fitted together, and cemented streets between these canals. At about every 200 feet are swinging bridges. The streets are paved with square blocks of stone. Sidewalks the same. Sidewalks are very narrow, scarcely exceeding 4 feet in width. The name of the street we board in is Rue de Dauphin.